

J. C. Johnson, a Summit farmer 70 years old, was killed by a way freight on the Fort Wayne branch of the Lake Shore Railroad. He was crossing from his house with a milk pail where the Michigan Central Air Line and the Lake Shore tracks run on the same road bed. Dazed by the headlight he stepped on the wrong track. The engineer is said to be in no wise to blame.

According to the statement issued by Commissioner Sherwood the deposits in Michigan State banks increased \$3,136,203.07 between July 11 and Sept. 28, the total deposits being \$67,532,487. The loans and discounts, stocks, bonds and mortgages increased \$2,763,325, making a total of \$67,938,833.

of this tract for \$2,000,000, and has fifty miles of railroad graded through it, connecting Lakes Michigan and Huron, completed ready for the iron. There is now a market for every kind of timber found on the land. There are all species of oak, some trees seven feet in diameter, elms ten feet in diameter, and unlimited quantities of maple, birch, beech, ash, hemlock, cedar, etc.

mate of the Tuscon County county house, might be supposed to be a county charge, he can hardly be thus regarded. He is over 80 years old, yet has taken entire care of the garden at the farm; and has raised all the vegetables consumed by the family of forty persons, besides 400 bushels of roots, a large quantity of cucumbers, etc. His maintenance is certainly no burden to taxpayers.

Harvard University began its 258th year with increased attendance in all departments and the prospects of another prosperous year. The students have been pouring into Cambridge during the past week and the old college yard has shaken off its summer lethargy and become al-
bustle and activity once more.

George B. Holmes and Ella May Norris eloped from Lexington, Ky., and were married by Magistrate Haise at Jeffersonville, Ind. The bride was a pupil of Hampton College.

all kinds of plain and fancy
Job Printing—letter heads,
bill heads, envelopes, cards,
invitations, programs, pos-
ters, etc., at this office at . . .

Low Prices

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

When Durraven finally concluded to go home he seems to have suddenly got in a great hurry. He went in an American yacht.

Why, bless my eyes! Beaten at cricket, too, by those blooming Americans? Why, this is simply beastly, don't you know?—J. Bull.

W. K. Vanderbilt will "give away" his daughter Consuelo at her approaching wedding, but the Duke commanded a bonus of \$10,000,000.

England has heard that there is pretty good shooting in China and has sent nine men-of-war on a hunting expedition up the Yangtsekiang. Look out for a full game bag.

The way to bring the Sultan to an understanding of the moral duty of keeping promises is to surround him with enough European troops to prevent him from breaking them.

Latest advices from Cuba state that the Spanish troops are fighting desperately to get possession of a pass held by a small band of insurgents. Perhaps it is a steamship pass to Spain.

The announcement that some college football players have been retired because they were not up to their studies seems truly incomprehensible. There is nothing to indicate that the young men did not stand very high in their football practice.

Old people never pretend to stay in bed all night. They get up fully a half-dozen times and go wandering around with lights in their hands, looking for the origin of noises, to see what time it is and on a half-dozen other pretexts. If you feel like wandering around the house at night with your night clothes flapping around your knees, it is an indication you are not as young as you used to be.

The new press, which makes a cylindrical bale of cotton, puts 35 pounds into the cubic foot, while 22 pounds to the foot is all that is required of the compresses hitherto employed. So the new process effects a great saving in room on board of our vessel. In addition to that it saves the expense of shipping 24 pounds of dead weight in baling and ties from India and Egypt to this country and then back to Liverpool. Also it is said that the process of packing so distributes the cotton that a fair sample always can be obtained from either end of the bale. These are important advantages in favor of its wide adoption.

The death of Hjalmar Horth Boyesen in the prime of his powers must awaken regret among all who are truly interested in the development of American literature. A native of Norway, Prof. Boyesen had done the greater part of his work and won his fame in this country, and his successes are a matter of pride to both countries alike. A man of broad sympathies and keen insight, he united in an unusual degree the faculties of critic and creator, essayist and romancer. It was a sign of the symmetry of his development that he was a student of books as well as of men, and that in both occupations he found occasion to furnish the world with thoughtful and suggestive matter. His loss will be felt abroad no less than at home, for there he had countless friends and a remarkably wide acquaintance with the great group of modern writers, one of the foremost among whom is that other great Norwegian, Bjornstjerne Bjornson. It was partly from his associations, perhaps, that he imbibed the taste which marks his valuable and interesting work. He will be regretted and remembered as one of the few strong forces working in a distinctly commercial age toward the culture of his fellow-men.

The people of the rest of the United States owe Gov. Culberson and the Texas State Legislature a vote of thanks for the satisfactory object lesson in the matter of dealing with prize-fights and prize-fighters. It is, of course, not an entirely reasonable proposition that a call for a special session should have been necessary to prevent so openly lawless a performance. The task of prohibiting Corbett and Fitzsimmons from punching each other would seem to be properly one covered by the ordinary police laws and ordinances. It became evident to Gov. Culberson, however, some days ago, that without a specific statute against slugging the State of Texas must expect to harbor the projected fight. He took action promptly, convened the Legislature in special session and presented the case to that body. Contrary to expectation, the Legislature passed the bill making prize-fighting a felony, with an emergency clause, the vote being overwhelming and the entire transaction being completed in less than two days. Good for Texas! She has put herself on record as among the States which are law-abiding and determined to preserve their reputations as such. The fact that out of the entire 143 votes cast in both houses only six were opposed to the prize-fight law speaks volumes for the good name of the Texas Legislature. There was no delay, no quibbling and no suggestion of a desire to "hold off and wait for" "proprietors" from the prize-fighting fraternity. The whole affair is a signal victory for law and order, not only in Texas, but elsewhere. It sets an example which other States cannot afford to break without running the risk of damning comparisons. The public now looks to Gov. Culberson to see that this statute is enforced to the letter.

Russia would have excited talk and gossip for several weeks. In time of war Gen. Miles, who secured the high office, would arise to the most prominent position in American affairs, but it is the improbability of serious warfare that makes his ascension so little regarded. There are two points of interest in the present transfer. First, it breaks a precedent of some years by giving the command of the army to a man out of West Point training. It has been a number of years since any but a West Point man held the important commission, and for a time there was reason to believe that Gen. Miles might be passed over on account of his having come up from the ranks in actual service instead of through the nation's military academy. Experience has shown pretty well that a West Point training may be relied on to bring out the best points in an officer, but it would obviously be idle to make such a training an iron-clad condition. What the nation wants is the best men, regardless of the means by which they were trained. Another important point in the present transfer is that the title of Lieutenant general held by Gen. Schofield ceases to exist on the army records. The title, as is well known, was created by Congress as a special distinction for men of high military genius and has been won successfully by Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield. Unless he shall do something leading Congress to re-create the title for him, Gen. Miles will be simply major general, although holding just the same measure of authority as his predecessor.

JAPAN HAS NO ANIMALS.

Domestic Pets Are Unknown in the Land of the Mikado.

Japan is a land without the domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows—the Japanese neither drinks milk nor eats meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners. The freight cars in city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beasts of burden nor in hunting, except by foreigners.

There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet—and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats, or mules or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular bears of enormous size. One of these Mr. Finck saw, stuffed, in a museum, he describes as "big as an ox." Beside another stuffed museum bear is preserved in alcohol the mangled body of a child the bear had eaten before being killed.—New York Recorder.

A BILL FOR ROYALTY.

Taxpayers in this country frequently complain, and justly, of the expenditure of public money for the use of legislators and officials in ways not directly connected with the public business, as, for instance, when official expenditures are made during which champagne and other unnecessary articles are purchased for the travelers' consumption. But if we think we have special reason to complain of "junketing" in this country, we should contemplate some of the public expenditures for the entertainment of the crowned junketers of the old world.

Not long since the new ship canal to Manchester, England, was opened. The Queen was invited, though the canal could have been opened exactly as well without her. After the opening, the report of the citizens' auditor of Manchester was published showing the expenses of the opening; and by some mischance all the items for the entertainment of the royal party were given in the report.

The whole cost of the Queen's visit, which, by the way, lasted only a few hours, reached the highly respectable sum of six thousand and fifty-one pounds sterling, or about thirty thousand dollars. Among the numerous items were such expenditures as the following:

Four fancy boxes of bonbons, fondants, chocolates, etc., for the royal children, £1 13s.

For asparagus, at 4s. 6d. per bunch, £6 15s.; twenty-two pairs of peas, at 2s. 6d. per pint; eight pineapples, at 12s. 6d. each; six melons, at 10s. 6d. each; twenty-six pounds of grapes, at 6s. 6d. per pound; twenty-four pounds of strawberries, at 6s. 6d. per pound; total vegetables and fruit, £48 12s. 6d.

Three live turtles cost £17 14s. 6d.; and cigars and cigarettes—none of which, it is safe to assume, were smoked by the Queen—£14 10s.

The stabling and keep of the Queen's horses cost the city of Manchester £22 16s.; and the board and lodging for sixteen members of the royal household staff, £71 15s. 3d.

There were many other extraordinary items on account of this expensive guest.

Not an Imbecile.

Before his death Montmond went through the form of a conversion and made his peace with the church. When the priest asked him: "You probably in old times uttered many pleasant words against religion?" "No," said he coolly, "I have been accused, and justly accused, in my lifetime of many vices; I have never been accused of being an imbecile." Montmond was an inveterate gambler; one day he had a quarrel with some people he had been playing with at cards. He flew at Talleyrand in a state of great agitation. "Would you believe it," said he, "they threatened to throw me out of the window?" "I have always advised you," said Talleyrand, very quietly, "never to play cards except on the ground floor."

An Imperial Train.

The German emperor's imperial train cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and took three years to construct. There are altogether twelve cars, including two nursery carriages. The reception saloon contains several pieces of statuary, and each of the sleeping cars is fitted with a bath.

"Johnny is learning to be a stationary engineer." "Is he learning fast?" "I should say so; when he quit work last night his face was grimy as a stovepipe and he had machine oil all over his clothes!"—Chicago Record.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JEKES AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Two Pairs of Eyes.—As She Viewed It—As Usual—Not Forgotten—The Baker's Joke, Etc., Etc.

TWO PAIRS OF EYES.

He (delighted with a new play)—"Isn't it grand?"

She—"Perfectly lovely! It must have been made by Worth."

AS USUAL.

Doctor—I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air and dress in cool gowns.

Husband (an hour later)—"What did the doctor say?"

Wife—He said I ought to go to a watering place and afterward to the mountains, and to get some new light gowns at once.

AS USUAL.

"Did you marry your ideal?" asked a new acquaintance of a bright matron.

"Mercy, no! I married my husband."

NOT FORGOTTEN.

"The spirit of John Jones," said the medium.

"He died in arrears," replied the editor.

"Ask him if it is not enough for him."

THE BAKER'S JOKE.

"I wish you'd help me with this bread," said the baker.

"I never promised to be your business assistant," said his wife.

"You promised to stand by me in my hour of need," said the baker.

CAUSE FOR DOUBT.

"There is only one thing," she said to her dearest friend, "that makes me doubt Herbert's affection for me?"

"What is that?"

"He thinks that some of the snap-shot photographs he has taken of me are good likenesses."

REBUKE.

Miss Prior (quoting)—"Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them."

Miss Smart (musingly)—"Yes; I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated."

A REAL COMPLIMENT.

Laura—George, look at that dog! Will he bite?

George—Bite! If he's a dog of any judgment, Laura, he'll try to eat you! Get out, you brute!

TEST OF AFFECTION.

He—Is there anything I can do to prove my affection so that you will not doubt it?

She—There is, marry my sister. She is ten years older than I, and mamma is determined not to let me marry till Sophia is disposed of.

ACCOMMODATING.

"Would you please chop these ti across for me?"

John, just break this lady's bones for her."

HIS OBJECTION.

"I simply wish I'd never had any American Revolution," sighed Tommy, after school the other day. "It's made my life miserable."

"How so?" asked his uncle.

"So many more history dates to remember," said Tom.

HOOLIGAN'S PAIR.

An Irish newspaper once said in announcing an accident: "Our fellow townsman, Mr. Hooligan, fell out of the second story window yesterday and broke his neck and suffered internal injuries. His friends will be glad to know that the latter are not serious."

REJECTED.

Business Man—Are you a good whistler, my boy?

Applicant—Yes sir, daisy.

Business Man—Get!

ON THE DUELING FIELD.

"I thought, count, that you were a dead shot?"

"I am."

"And yet though you said you would shoot your adversary through the heart, you hit him in the forehead!"

"It was an error of judgment. I thought his heart was in his boots; it turned out to be in his mouth."

HER LIMITED BOTANY.

"Your father raises eggplant in his garden, doesn't he, Sallie?"

"Oh, yes—every year."

"Well, doesn't chickweed trouble the beds a good deal?"

A DULL TRIP IN PROSPECT.

Neighbor—Mr. Gayboy is going to the Atlanta Exposition, is he? Won't it cost him a good deal of money?

Mrs. Gayboy—Not very much. I am going with him.

LETTING HIM FINISH.

Clothier—Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you?

Customer—Oh, yes, all my boys have worn it.

Clothier—Well, think of that! Customer—Every time after a rain the next smaller one had to take it.

Hair Dye for Royalty.

An amusing story comes from the court of Italy. For some time past Queen Marguerite has been very much concerned at the extraordinary rapidity with which the hair of King Humbert has been whitening. What could she do? Womanlike, she saw only one remedy—hair dye—and she suggested the idea to the king. But his majesty objected to being rejuvenated by any such process. One of her relatives, a young prince, suggested strategy. He knew, he said, of a splendid colorless dye, which she could place on the dressing table of the king, and he would use it, without thinking, as an ordinary hair wash. But his majesty got wind of the affair and laid a counter plot. The queen had a little white dog with long hair. He inveigled it into his dressing room, applied the famous hair dye and turned the dog into her majesty's apartments in a coat of splendid lilac black.

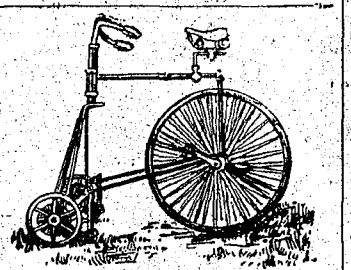
Soaring Ancient Graves.

In the Punic cemeteries of Carthage Father Delatree has already examined 125 tombs. He has found a painted terra-cotta mask, with oval face, short side whiskers and a close-shaven chin and bronze rings in the ears; and also a disk of terra-cotta with a warrior on horseback in relief upon it, under the horse a running dog, and above the figure a lotus flower and a crescent moon.

THE MOWER CYCLE.

The Clever Invention of a 10-Year-Old Boy.

The time has come when the man who has put up the rocks for his son's bicycle may reap a return for his cash. He can set the bicycle riders of his family to a useful employment, for a 10-year-old youth of Newburg has invented a machine which meets the requirements of the case. He calls it a mower cycle. It is nothing more nor less than a large hand mower, which takes the place of the front wheels of a bicycle. The mower wheels have rubber tires and they run as smoothly as a bicycle wheel. The attachment is made by means of long steel forks,



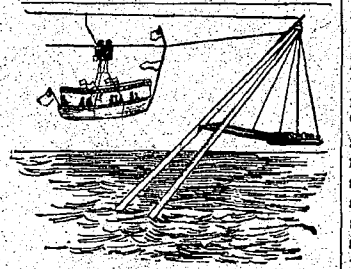
THE MOWER CYCLE.

which enable an adjustment for high or low cutting. The pedals are placed directly on the large wheel shaft, dispensing with the chain sprocket wheels and crank shaft of the bicycle. The strain of pushing the mower is taken off the frame and head of the machine by two rods, one on each side of the large wheel, one end of which is attached to the frame at the center of the wheel, and the other to the mower. The machine turns more readily than a bicycle—in fact, may be turned around in a six-foot circle. It takes no more power to operate it than to propel an ordinary tricycle. The mower cycle is guided just as the bicycle is, by the handles, and a lawn can be gone over in one-third of the time it takes to do it with an ordinary hand mower.

AN AERIAL TROLLEY.

Which Takes Passengers Out Over the Breakers at Coney Island.

The novel device shown in the cut is one of the most popular amusements at Coney Island this season. The cable is 825 feet in length and extends from



THE AERIAL TROLLEY.

wooden shears on shore to a pair anchored out beyond the line of the breakers.

The shears at the seaward end of the line are inclined outwards at an angle of about 90 degrees, and to help counteract the strain of the cable on one side a weight of five tons, consisting of bags of sand upon a platform, is suspended from their highest point. In rear of the shore end of the line is a building containing the dynamo that supplies the necessary power, and from the cable hangs a 10-horse power motor. Beneath the motor swings the boat in which the passengers sit. In the regular trip of the trolley the boat is carried just high enough to clear the spray of the breakers, and a pause of a few minutes is made at the outer terminus to give the passengers a view of sea and shore from their unique position.

He Was a Plumber.

"The plumber jokers work to death, but I will tell you one anyhow, just because it is true," began a friend. "The young woman that figures in the story lives on Broadway, near Floyd street. She was sprinkling the street and used a hose that was sadly in need of repair. An itinerant plumber came along with a kit of tools along for his shoulder. He asked the young woman if she wanted the hose fixed.

"What will you charge?" she answered.

"The man looked at the hose critically and then said he would repair it for 15 cents."

"This was contrary to all traditions relating to plumbers' prices, so the young woman told the man she did not believe he was what he represented himself to be. 'Still,' she said, 'go ahead and fix the hose.' The man took out his tools and soon had the hose nearly as good as new. The miss gave the man 15 cents. He shook his head and said he wanted 45.

"Why," said the young woman in surprise, 'you said you would do the work for 15 cents.'

"Yes, I know," he returned, 'but there was more work than I thought.' (Well, I was afraid you weren't a plumber when you first came to, but now I know you are and am willing to give you a certificate to that effect, was what the young woman said when she gave the man his pay."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Deadly Dose.

"I can never understand why so many would-be suicides resort to that most horrible of deadly doses, carbolic acid," says a physician. "It causes more pain, more genuine, lingering agony, than any deadly dose I can mention. Yet its popularity continues to increase, especially among the unfortunate members of the half world who have become weary of life and seek the comforts of the grave. The antidote? Oh, an antidote after the acid has been swallowed is of little avail. A mixture of flour and water should be given; also mucilaginous drinks. I once had a patient recover after taking a small quantity of the acid, and she said she thought she was swallowing molten lead. It is a horrible life destroyer."

Under the Sun.

"Look the sunlight is the advice of all present day hygienists. Patients on the sunny side of the hospital ward recover soonest. The person who always walks on the sunny side of the streets outlives his shade-seeking brother by ten years. Sleep in rooms where the sun sheds its rays all day. Bask in the sun all you can, and your doctor's and doctor's notes will go to protest.

OUR RURAL READERS.

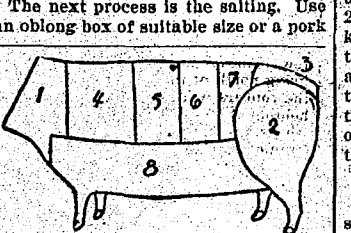
SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

Proper Mode of Cutting Up the Carcass and Curing Hams and Bacon—How to Construct a Safe Farm Bridge—Fruit and Vegetable House.

Curing Ham and Bacon.

The hog is cut as shown in the diagram, the shoulder No. 1. The ham (No. 2) is cut through the bone a short distance from hip to joint, and this piece of bone is left in the meat. The small piece (No. 3) is kept for boiling and is salted; so is No. 7. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are roasting pieces, eaten fresh, or the ribs are taken out, and the whole, including No. 8, may be cured for bacon. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 may be salted for trying wet out of the pickle; then No. 8 makes the best breakfast bacon. Split the head down the face and save for salting and smoking. Both the rest of the head with the ears and feet and trimmings of the hams and make head cheese.

The next process is the salting. Use an oblong box of suitable size or a pork



HOW TO CUT UP THE CARCASS.

barrel. The hams and bacon require a tray or box. Rub the hams and bacon with the following mixture well before putting it in pickle: Half a pound of saltpeter pulverized very fine divided equally—two for two hams and half for two sides. The saltpeter is to be well rubbed into the meat on the flesh sides. The meat is then laid on a bench, skin down, for 12 hours. Take 1 pound of salt and 1 1/2 pounds brown sugar, well mixed and heated, and rub white hot upon the two sides of the meat. The meat is then put in the tray, and the brine begins to form. Rub and baste the meat every other day, putting the bottom pieces on top. Top four weeks, when the meat is hung up to dry, and then smoked.

For the hams use 4 pounds of salt, 1 1/2 pounds of sugar, and treat in the same way. The curing is important. The meat is not smoked until quite dry and the salt crystallized upon the surface. Use for smoking damp wheat straw, corn cobs or small brush. Smoke a little every day until completely dry and produce no heat in smoking. Some smoke for two or three months, but when perfectly dry less time is sufficient. Procure from your druggist a pint of pyroligneous acid, the acid from an oak tree, and paint your meat with a shaving brush thoroughly with this acid, and hang your meat in a cool place.

Securing the Winter's Wood Supply.

An adequate supply of fuel for winter use should be secured early, says the Agriculturist. This applies more particularly to those who have wood land, or are able to obtain it near at hand. It should be cut the proper length to fit the stove, and split to the desired fineness, and if possible put under shelter at once, or at least several loads of it, so that the housekeeper will experience no difficulty in obtaining a supply of dry wood at any moment. To make the case still more business-like, the hard and soft wood should be kept in separate piles, not neglecting wood suitable for kindling. Even the hardest oak or hickory is made available by splitting up fine and being thoroughly dried.

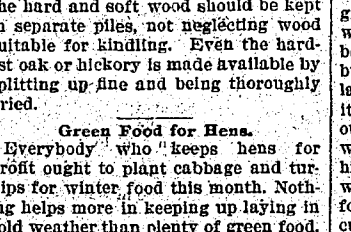
Green Food for Hens.

Everybody who keeps hens for profit ought to plant cabbage and turnips for winter food this month. Nothing helps more in keeping up laying in cold weather than plenty of green food. Hens like turnips boiled and mashed like potatoes, with meal, and if potatoes are scarce or high-priced, you've got the turnips as a substitute.

Get one of the boys to run the mower over an acre or so of clover, cutting the aftermath when it is a few inches high. Raked up and dried, it is very nice for the hens in winter, mixed with the soft food or wet with boiling water and fed that way.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Constructing a Farm Bridge.

Haphazard construction of farm bridges is a risky matter, the safety of valuable animals being often thus put in jeopardy. The accompanying illustration shows an easily constructed and very secure bridge where a single log cannot be used as a stringer.



SAFE FARM BRIDGE.

What Cows Will Do.

A successful dairy means pocketbook is never empty, says the Connecticut Farmer; it means more swine and heaps of better fertilizer, means better crops of corn, oats, barley and peas, and less money expended for commercial fertilizer and Western feed; means better pastures by furnishing an incentive to make them so; means vigor and better farmers, for dairymen call for the best there is in a man, morally and intellectually.

The Location of the Farm.

The man who knows how to produce good milk, and who will locate near a large city, has as good a chance as anyone to make money. He can get first prices by selling the milk direct to those who want it fresh and are willing to pay for it. In addition, his farm will pretty surely increase in value as the city grows.

Ontinging Fields.

Upon many farms there are fields distant from half a mile to a mile or more from the stock buildings. Such fields are great consumers of time unless

judgment is used in selecting crops and time of labor. It is unwise to grow crops on distant fields, which require frequent trips in taking care of them. Often the most satisfactory disposal is to seed down the place and keep it in permanent mowing, hauling manure for top dressing in fall and winter, when teams and men can best be spared for the purpose.

Profitable Farming.

High farming is the attempt to raise the largest product possible upon the whole farm. Good farming is to raise the produce at the best possible profit, everything considered. In some cases the two amount to the same thing. In other cases, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, where manure and hired help are hard to get, and the market is limited, it may be more practical to farm fewer acres and farm them better, rather than to try to force the whole farm to the utmost. That is, if the farmer now grows, say, \$3,000 worth of produce from his 300-acre farm, let him take only his best land and cattle and try to produce the same amount. Instead of 1,000 bushels of potatoes on ten acres, let him fertilize higher and grow 1,000 bushels on five acres. Instead of thirty cows, giving 200 pounds of butter each year, keep twenty 300-pounders. In place of three poor to ordinary hired men, pay a little more and get the best workers to be found. Apply this idea right through. Such plans are in the direction of concentration, and concentration is the essence of good farming.

Suit the Crop to the Soil.

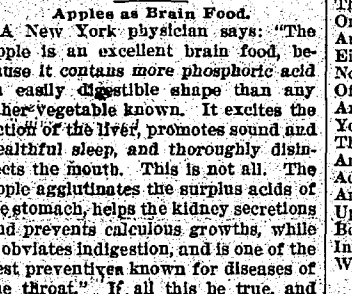
There are farms where one could not succeed in growing early potatoes, but could do fairly well with late ones. The soil is not rich enough or warm enough to furnish plant food in time for a large crop of early potatoes. Such men better grow late potatoes. Others may do better with early ones, all things considered. We must study the environment. It is foolish to condemn someone else's practice in any such line because it differs from ours. Both may be right.

Apples as Brain Food.

A New York physician says: "The apple is an excellent brain food, because it contains more phosphoric acid in easily digestible shape than any other vegetable known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthful sleep, and thoroughly disinfests the mouth. This is not all. The apple agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculous growths, while it obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known for diseases of the throat." If all this be true, and its persistent reiteration certainly argues large faith, the knowledge cannot be too widely disseminated.

A Bank Fruit and Vegetable House.

Where rough rocks or cobble stones are abundant, a fruit and vegetable house may be very advantageously built into a bank, as shown in the illustration.



FRUIT AND VEGETABLE HOUSE.

How to Care for Wood Floors.

A housekeeper who is noted for her neatness says that a wood floor in the house is as much care as a baby. This is no doubt true, and yet a little attention systematically given the floor each day is productive of marvelously good results. A flannel bag made to slip over the bristles of a broom makes an excellent and convenient polisher. The wood floor should be swept each morning with this flannel-covered broom, and twice a week it should be carefully oiled. If the floor is of hard wood use linseed oil, while if it is stained or painted the inexpensive crude oil will answer just as well. It should be rubbed upon the floor with cheese cloth rather than flannel to avoid the lint scattering over the floor. To deep-stained or varnished floor light-wipe frequently with a solution of milk and water.

Stuffed Peaches.

Mrs. Rorer's receipt for stuffed peaches calls for six or eight peaches peeled, halved and the stones taken out. Chop six English walnuts and six almonds. Fill the crevices from which the stones were taken with chopped nuts. Stand the peaches in a saucpan, so that they will not fall apart; if there is the slightest danger spike them through with a wooden toothpick. Sprinkle four tablespoons of sugar over the peaches; cover the saucpan and let them stand where they will steam for ten minutes. Lift them carefully and serve cold with cream.

Hygienic Cream Sauce.

One-half pint of milk, one-half pint of cream, yolk of one egg, one tablespoon of buckwheat dissolved in a little milk, large pinch of salt. Bring milk and cream to a boil in thick, well-lined saucpan; add to it buckwheat dissolved in milk, stirring rapidly to prevent lumping; allow it to boil five minutes, remove from the fire, beat in the yolk of egg diluted with a tablespoon of milk. This is better and far more healthful (especially for children) than so much butter and syrup. Syrup minus butter is well enough, but the use of butter with hot cakes cannot be recommended.

Chocolate Custard Pie.

Lovers of chocolate in any and every form can make this addition to a common custard pie. Beat one egg to a stiff froth, then add pulverized sugar and grated chocolate with one-half teaspoon extract of vanilla; spread this on top of the pie and let it harden for a moment in the oven. Or you may prepare it in still another way. Put the chocolate in a basin on the back of the stove and let it melt (do not put any water with it); when melted beat one egg and some sugar with it; in the latter case it will be a regular chocolate brown color and in the other a sort of gray.

The White Elephant.

The Burmese "Lord White Elephant" and the King of Burmah share all the white umbrellas in that country between them. The king of men has nine, the king of elephants has two, but he has also four golden ones. Not he the heir-apparent, when there is one, has a right to use the white umbrella. He has only eight golden ones. The use of even an ordinary white-covered umbrella would be regarded as a declaration of rebellion on his part, and would lead to his immediate execution.

In Cuba the cucayo, the famous firefly of the tropics, the one that affords the most brilliant light of any land animal, is confined in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Thirty-eight of them yield one candle power. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for traveling in the dark. They also use them as ornaments for the hall and dress.



HOUSEHOLD.

The Avalanche.

G. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1895.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Allison's boom for the Presidency is not yet very big, but it is considerably larger than that of Cleveland for a third term.

There is a popular demand for a tariff law which will enable the United States to export less gold, and import less shoddy.

J. Campbell, the democratic candidate for governor, of Ohio, says he was a republican until he married a democratic girl, and that made a democrat of him. Adam and Beecher like he blames the woman for his fall.

The British revenues are in unusually fine shape, having increased considerably in the last six months. The promised clover of the Cleveland administration appears to have sprouted on the wrong side of the Atlantic.

Beginning to morrow the mails of the United States will be carried across the ocean by American built steamers. This patriotic discrimination will entail a cost of more than one dollar a pound over the present rates of transit, but that cuts no figure in a matter of such importance to American shipping.—Det. Jour.

Nothing more horrible or revolting can be conceived than the story told of the mutilation and murder of a negro rapist in Tennessee, Tuesday night. The mob knew that the full penalty of the law would have been visited upon the brute if let alone, but this would not satisfy the hellish desire of the mob, and it proceeded to cut off the victim's ears; then one by one his fingers, and otherwise mutilating him until, nearly dead; then cutting off his head, hanging the body by the feet to the yard arm of a telegraph pole. The most barbarous savagery could do no worse than this. Human degradation can get no lower; human beastly passion can not make itself more devilish. With profit we may turn from Turkey to Tennessee and ask: How long must these things be suffered?—Det. Journal.

It is announced that ex-President Benjamin Harrison is engaged in writing a series of magazine articles for THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL, in which periodical they will begin in the December number. The series will be called "This Country of Ours" and will consist of ten articles and probably more. The papers are being written by General Harrison especially for women, to meet a growing, wide spread desire on their part to intelligently understand the workings of our Government and the great National questions. It will be the aim of the articles to explain in the clear and concise style for which the ex-President is famous, just what the United States Government means; the origin and meaning of the constitution; how laws are enacted and enforced; what the powers of the President and other officials are; what the judiciary system means; how our foreign relations are brought about and their meaning; how Congress and the Senate legislate,—in fact a complete explanation of the government told in a popular way. General Harrison writes the articles from the standpoint of a citizen who understands his subject. They have no bearings on politics whatever. While directly intended for women, the articles will naturally have a much broader scope and likewise interest men, especially young men.

A Future for the Pine Denuded Regions.

The sale that was made the other day of 3000 acres of stump lands on head waters of the Big Muskegon river, in the vicinity of Grayling, for cattle grazing purposes, suggests a future for this pine denuded region which has not been seriously thought of up to this time. The land was sold for \$2.25 per acre, cash, and it is said to be the intention of the purchasers to devote a portion of the land for stock grazing, and to eventually colonize it. It is said that there is considerable inquiry regarding these stump lands for grazing purposes, and that Chicago cattle men are thinking seriously of utilizing them to a considerable extent, believing that the shorter freight haul gives them an advantage over the Colorado pastures. Who knows but what this may be the beginning of a movement towards the utilization of the vast region now being denuded of pine in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and that in twenty-five or fifty years from now the regions now noted for the timber they produce will be famed for their grazing.—Min. Lumberman.

The Louisville Commercial, published in the chief metropolis of "Old Kentucky," arises and pertinently remarks that "Not for many months have we noticed any intimations from our democratic contemporaries that it would be desirable to secure the markets of the world. This was the chromo we were to have for a prize if we elected Cleveland, and placed his beloved democratic party in power. Instead of securing any more foreign markets than we had under Republican administrations our exports are heavily declined, and our revenues have not paid our expenses by sixty millions a year. Hence the sirens song about securing the markets of the world has no more harmony for free trade lips; it sounds like an expiring echo that has vanished and fled."

Home Correspondence.

EDITOR AVAILANCE.

We saw the report in the AVALANCHE from Center Plains, that it can beat any of the towns, and would like to ask if they have three citrons that will weigh 100 pounds. Mr. G. Marsh raised them, and they can be seen at his farm.

Mr. J. M. Francis has some of the largest potatoes, grown on the plains, that has ever been shown in these parts. So bring on your big potatoes from the sand and take the cake.

A large number of our settlers who had very fine crops, did not attend the Fair, but are waiting for Crawford county to have a Fair of our own, and get the praise.

Our cellars are well filled, and we are happy. Will say to Center plains, we are glad you are doing so well. We rejoice in our neighbors prosperity and good crops.

Mr. Joseph Sewell will remain with his children this winter.

Mr. F. Peck has raised some pop corn that is fine.

Grove, Oct. 18, '95.

NOW AND THEN.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Award.

De Longpre's \$1000 Picture.

A reproduction of this exquisite painting given away free. An exquisite reproduction in 14 colors of De Longpre's water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture (size 12x28 in.) is given to every subscriber, with the December issue of DEMOCRAT'S MAGAZINE (published November 15th). This issue is enlarged and bound in a beautifully printed colored cover, and is replete with illustrations and reading matter pertaining to the X-mas holidays. It is sold for 20 cents a copy. The Chrysanthemum plate alone in this one number is worth more than the price of one years subscription; do not fail to get it. The original painting by DeLongpre is valued at \$1000, and the publishers guarantee that none but an expert can detect the difference between the original and the copy. Any of our readers who wish this beautiful picture, by cutting out this notice and sending it to the Democrat Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York, with 20 cents in stamps, receive it by mail, carefully packed, and the same time a copy of the Xmas DEMOCRAT. The magazine for the coming year is to be improved in many ways. It is to be made the very best magazine for the family circle in existence. The publishers offer to give the original painting to the person sending in the most subscribers before May 1st. The offer is printed in the December issue.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Fournier, druggist.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist, and get a Trial Bottle, Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklin & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklin & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the case of Consumption and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have proven invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by L. Fournier, druggist.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1895.

As soon as Mr. Cleveland returned to Washington the force of detectives which form a cordon around the White House day and night went on duty again, and it is presumed that the sentry boxes, which were removed when Mr. Cleveland left last May, will soon disfigure the pretty grounds again. Mr. Lincoln went through the exciting times of a great war without such careful guarding, but there is only one Grover Cleveland, and he thinks too much precaution can not possibly be taken to ensure his safety. The people think—but Mr. Cleveland does not care what the people think.

It was given out that the cabinet meeting held this week was devoted entirely to arranging the trip to the Atlanta exposition, but that was merely a blind. Matters of much more importance than a Presidential vote-catching junket were discussed. Among them being what recommendation shall be made to Congress for legislation for the raising of additional revenue, it being now conceded even by Mr. Cleveland and all the members of the cabinet, that more money will be needed by the government than the present tariff will ever bring in. Secretary Carlisle would like to get the money, or a part of it, by adding a \$1 a barrel to the tax on beer, but the attitude of the great brewers, who practically control what is known as the liquor vote of the country, has frightened him and the other members of the administration, and it is not probable that the recommendation will be made. It is certain that whatever recommendations in this line are made will be confined to internal revenue taxes. Those which were received with most favor at the cabinet meeting were a tax on bank checks, mortgages, conveyances of real estate, and domestic wines. Notice has already been served on the administration by leading republicans that the additional revenue will be raised by a revision of the tariff, regardless of the recommendations made to Congress.

Gen. Horace Porter, New York's famous after-dinner speaker, was in Washington this week, to attend the annual meeting of the Loyal Legion, of which he is a popular officer. The general knows a thing or two about the politics of this city and state, of which he said: "There is every reason to believe that the union or fusion ticket will carry the city of New York. Tammany Hall has not yet had time to rally from the crushing blow that the lovers of good municipal government inflicted upon it last year. The people do not mean to turn back after having made such a brave start towards inaugurating a better local administration, and they will give Tammany lesson number two in November. So far as concerns the state ticket, the republicans are perfectly satisfied. The opposition has not the ghost of a show of carrying the state."

It is a real pleasure to be able to commend the official utterances of a prominent democratic official. The annual report of Mr. John L. Thomas, assistant attorney general for the post office department, hits a deserved blow at a growing evil—the adoption of lottery methods by business establishments—in a manner that deserves universal commendation. The report of Mr. Thomas, after reciting the success of the anti-lottery law, which, by the way, was, like so many other good laws, of republican origin, in shutting the lotteries out of the mails, says: "But many business men think they must, in order to succeed, resort to schemes that appeal to the gambling spirit of the people, and they accordingly sugar-coat their legitimate enterprises with lottery advertisements. These fascinating and apparently innocent schemes reach the boys and girls of the land and tend to make them gamblers."

The Maryland campaign has excited an even keener interest in Washington since it assumed such a personal aspect, than it did in its early stages. Calling a man a liar usually means fight, but within 10 days Senator Gorman has twice been publicly called a liar—first by Editor Abell, of the Baltimore Sun, and last by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, who this week made a speech in Baltimore—and there has been no fight, and is not likely to be one. Mr. Gorman contenting himself with the chestnut cry: "You are another." Your correspondent has no means of knowing how this strikes the democratic voters throughout the state of Maryland, but more than one of those who live in the vicinity of Washington have shown their disgust by such expressions as: "Well, I didn't think Gorman was a coward," and "Gorman ought to fight Abell and Roosevelt, if he expects to be respected in Maryland." If that sort of thing exists all over the state, Mr. Gorman may find his failure to resent being called a liar harder to get around than his bad record as boss of the democratic party of Maryland.

For Colds And Coughs

"Early in the Winter, I took a severe cold which developed into an obstinate, hacking cough, which troubled me for nine weeks, in spite of medical aid."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

being recommended me, I began to take it, and inside of 24 hours I was relieved. That one bottle cured me, and I cannot speak too highly of its excellence."—Mrs. E. E. Boscuti, Eaton, Ohio.

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

If anybody clings to the notion that Detroit is still normally democratic he had better dismise it at once. The town has grown a lot since it elected a democratic mayor, and its growth is practically solidly republican. No democrats to mention have come to the city in the past six years, while republicans have come in loads. Moreover, of those who used to be democrats in the old days, hundreds and perhaps thousands have allied themselves permanently with the republican party. There is no prospect of anything to eat for democrats in this neck of the woods.—Det. Tribune.

The reports go to show that a large proportion of the big corn crop will be fed to cattle and hogs, instead of being sold at unremunerative prices. This is the true policy for the farmers, and they can not fail to profit by it. Agriculture is a poor business only when the producer is obliged to market the surplus at a time and in a way dictated by the speculators.

HEADQUARTERS



SHOES, SHOES, SHOES.
THE FINEST LINE OF
Ladies' Cork Sole, Mens' Water Proof,
Ladies' Glove Grain,
Misses' Cordovan, and Fat Baby Shoes

EVER SHOWN IN
NORTHERN MICHIGAN.
AT THE STORE OF
S. S. CLAGGETT, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.



A. KRAUS.

DEALER IN
STOVES,
Stove Zincs,
Oil Cloth, Tin
Ware, Rifles,
Shot Guns,
Fishing Tack
le, and all
kinds of Am-
munition.

Also a full line of
Peninsular & Bement Cook & Heating Stoves.

Gasoline and Oil Heating Stoves,
Doors, Sash, Glass and Putty, Curlexy, and every-
thing in the line of Hardware, at right prices.
Examine my stock and prices before
purchasing elsewhere.

Grayling, Michigan.

Dictionary of United St's History.

By J. Franklin Jameson, Ph. D.,
Professor of History, Brown University,
Formerly of Johns Hopkins University;
Editorial Contributor to "Century"
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Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE, at Grayling, Mich.,
October 18, 1895.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following
named settler has filed notice of intention
to make final proof in support of his claim,
and that said proof will be made before Register and
Receiver, at Grayling, Mich., on November 21,
1895, viz:

LESLIE W. SWEN, Homestead application No.
5130, for the N. W. 1/4 of Section 14, Town 35 N. R. 3
W. He claims the following witnesses to prove
his continuous residence upon and cultivation of
said land, viz: Wm. A. Masters, Charles Frantz,
Jerome Walt, Willis Shellenbarger, all of Gray-
ling Post office.

OCT-18-95 JOSEPH PATTERSON, Register.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

STALEY UNDERWEAR.

"STALEY'S WESTERN MADE"

WOOL UNDERWEAR & OVERSHIRTS



A-G STALEY MFG CO.
FACTORY SOUTH BEND — IND.

WE NOW OFFER THE

CELEBRATED STALEY UNDERWEAR

at prices never heard of before.

No. 219, \$1.00 each piece.

No. 00 \$1.25 each piece.

No. 226 \$2.50 each piece.

Please bear in mind that No. 219 and 00 are all
wool, extra heavy, and extra length. No. 226 is of
the finest Australian Wool, put in any garment.

Please call and see this line of Underwear and
you will be surprised.

SALLING, HANSON & CO.

WE CLAIM EVERYTHING "IN SIGHT."

IT IS EASY TO SEE
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erson & Woodward Aves., Detroit, Mich.
J. W. Bantable, Dist. Passenger Agt.,
5 Bridge St., Toledo, Ohio.
D. G. Edwards, Gen'l Passenger Agt.,
Carver Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Michigan State Land Office.
LANSING, Oct. 10th 1895.
Notice is hereby given that the following de-
scribed swamp land, situated in Crawford county
forfeited for non-payment of interest, will be
offered for sale at public auction at this office
on the 14th day of November, A. D. 1895, at 10
o'clock A. M., unless previously redeemed ac-
cording to law.

WM. A. FRENCH,
Commissioner.

No. of Cert.	Description.	Section.	Town.	Range.
2948	SE 1/4 of NW 1/4	29	35 N	3 W
1948	NE 1/4 of NW 1/4	29	35 N	3 W

OCT-10-95

THE DAVIS
SEWING MACHINE
BEST
ON EARTH

The Highest Prize
—GIVEN BY THE—
World's Columbian
Exposition
HAS BEEN AWARDED TO THE
Davis Sewing Machine Co.
For its High Grade Family Sewing Machine.
Address: DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO.,
DAYTON, OHIO. CHICAGO, ILL.

ADVERTISERS or others who wish to examine
an advertising space when in Chicago, will find it in the
advertising agency of LORD & THOMAS.

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR
THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1895.

LOCAL ITEMS.

New Figs at Claggett's.
Hon. Sherman, of Maple Forest, was in town Monday.

Pure Lard and Cottoleone at Claggett's.

Ed. Cobb of Maple Forest, was in town Thursday.

Brick! Brick! Brick! Cheesell at Salling, Hanson & Co's store.

Mrs. R. Richardson was visiting in Roscommon last week.

Vermont Maple Syrup, at Claggett's.

Mrs. R. D. Connine returned Monday from a two weeks' visit with friends at Traverse City.

Choice Dairy Butter and Fresh Eggs at Bates, Marsh & Co's.

Postmaster Braden was in Detroit last week, and John Leese took his place behind the boxes.

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges, go to C. Wright's restaurant.

Township Treasurer Chas. F. Kellogg, of Ball, was in town last Friday.

Look at S. H. & Co's Advertisement in this paper.

Mrs. H. Trimley visited Vanderbilt, and spent Sunday with the children.

An all wool Serge, 45 inches wide, only 50 cents, at Claggett's.

The boys in the lumber yard thought it was rushing the season, Saturday and Monday nights.

For California fruit, of all kinds, go to C. Wright's restaurant.

Twenty inches of snow on the level was reported in Center Plains, Monday morning.

The best Patent Flour in town, at Bates, Marsh & Co's.

A B. Corwin, of this township, raised 25 bushels of sorted potatoes this season.

For Harness or quick repairs, go to M. F. Merrill's Harness shop.

Mrs. J. M. Jones is "swinging round the circle" inspecting the W. R. C. She is at Lake City to-day.

Try Claggett's 35c Tea. 3 pounds for \$1.00.

Regular meeting of Marvin Relief Corps, W. R. C., next Saturday afternoon, the 26th, at the usual hour.

Get my prices on cook and heating stoves, before buying elsewhere. A. Kraus.

Col. Worden went to Standish Monday, to look after some reported trespasses on Government land.

Claggett's Oolong Tea is a winner. Try it.

Geo. L. Alexander was in attendance at the circuit court at Gaylord, the first of the week.

H. T. Shafer, of Center Plains, reports a yield of 616 bushels of potatoes from 3 acres of land.

New Brick Cheese, just received, at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

H. H. Bay is back from Chicago, and has resumed his place with S. H. & Co.

Pan cakes in a minute, by the Prepared Buckwheat Flour. Claggett sells it.

John Corwin, of this township, dug 114 bushels of potatoes one day last week.

For guns, rifles and all kinds of ammunition and sporting goods, go to Albert Kraus.

W. Metcalf, of Center Plains, was a welcome caller at our office, on Tuesday.

Pure Buckwheat Flour at Claggett's. New process. Itching qualities removed. Try it.

The Woman's Relief Corps will give a Supper and Social at their hall, Friday evening, November 1st, 1895.

For Rent—The Photograph Gallery formerly occupied by G. O. Bonnell. Address Andrew Marsh, Grayling.

Claggett's Silver Moon Natural Leaf Tea is winning trade every day. Best 50c Tea on earth.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church will give a Supper and Social at W. R. C. hall to-morrow evening. Supper from 5 to 8.

Claggett has received his new line of Canned Vegetables, from Orchard Farm. Best in the city; try them.

The ladies of the M. P. Church realized but \$4.50 from their Supper last Friday evening. The weather was too inclement.

Our line of Flour, Feed, Grain and Hay, is complete. Prices guaranteed. Bates, Marsh & Co.

If afflicted with scalp disease, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer

Go to Fournier's for Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, etc.

Dover Hall, of Bay City, has been appointed Lieutenant Commander of the K. O. T. M., in place of H. W. Currey, who resigned his position.

Mens all wool pants, warranted not to rip. Claggett sells them.

The Grayling House register shows a fine patronage, and the guests express great satisfaction with their treatment as well as with the menu.

Creamery Butter always on hand, at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

Oscego county will have about 200,000 bushels of potatoes for shipment this fall. The average price is 12 cts a bushel.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, bread and Confectionery, go to C. Wright's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

Mrs. M. E. Hageman and children, of Beaver Creek, started for their new home in New York state, last Tuesday.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Most Perfect Made.

Go to Fournier's Drug Store for School Books.

Ten inches of snow fell between Saturday and Sunday morning, and the mercury registered at 15 during the night.

Go to Claggett's for your winter Underwear. He has a new line for Gents, Ladies and Children.

Diphtheria is reported at Vanderbilt, and it behooves our people to watch out for the first symptoms of its appearance in our midst.

A "Garland" is just what you want in cold weather. They are sold by S. H. & Co.

Regular meeting of Marvin Post No. 240, Grand Army of the Republic, next Saturday evening, the 26th, at the usual hour.

Go to the restaurant of C. Wright where you will find a nice selection of Fresh Candies, Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Bulk Oysters, etc.

As the county tax alone up in Cheboygan will be nearly 2 per cent, road improvement has been given up for a year.

Beyond all doubt, Bates, Marsh & Co. have the best line of Teas and Coffee's to be had in Grayling.

Rev. S. G. Taylor passed through Grayling last Monday evening, on his return from Detroit, where he was called to attend the funeral of his brother in law.

Salling, Hanson & Co's White Rose Flour is the best. You should try it.

A report is received here of the death of Mathew Gwatkins, a former resident of Center Plains Township, at his home in Webberville.

The best place in town to buy Underwear is at the store of S. H. & Co. They show the best line at lowest prices.

Rolla Brink began teaching his second term of school at Appenzell Monday. A good recommendation to be called the second time to the same place.

The Ladies are delighted with Claggett's Cork Sole Shoes. He has them for Men also. Best thing out for winter.

James Norn, the big mill owner of Standish, says that he lost about \$8000 by the failure of Mosher & Son of Bay City.

Buy your Underwear of Salling, Hanson & Co., they have the best in the market, at the least money.

MARRIED—On Tuesday evening the 26, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Peter Pease and Mrs. Mary Taylor. Justice Woodburn officiated.

FOR SALE—A fine Haines Brothers Piano, new and perfect in tone and finish. Burl Walnut case. For price call or address, T. Cox.

Saturday morning came in with a rush, as if old winter was bound to get here to stay. It was a gentle reminder to the people to get ready for what is sure to come a little later.

A masquerade dance is advertised at Larson's Hall, Nov. 1. Suits will be on exhibition and for rent at R. Meyers' Store. A good time is anticipated.

For Sale—A good portable saw mill and engine and boiler. Capacity 10—12 M per day of hardwood. Will sell cheap. Address E. A. Stimson, St. Charles, Mich. Sept-19-46

Ex-Supervisor Ira H. Richardson, of South Branch, was in town Friday. He is so accustomed to being here this time of the year, that he couldn't help it.

A number of leading farmers of Vienna signed agreements with an agent for lightening rods for their buildings, and now the agent is coming at them with promises of notes, and a law suit is brewing.—Lewiston Journal.

Cheboygan county won the suit against the bondsmen of Ex-County Treasurer Erratt, who are ordered to fork over \$11,014, the amount of the alleged shortage. The bondsmen will appeal.

Miss Lou Mason is gladly welcomed back to Grayling by our young people as well as those who desire her professional service in the artistic display of a new hat.

A. J. Rose is making a trip between St. Louis and Port Huron, looking after the business of the firm which he represents.

Harness maker Merrill is showing something new in a metal harness strap that will interest every owner of a team. Step into his shop, and see it.

The weather clerk made a record Monday morning by registering the temperature at 7° during the night and only 10° at 7 o'clock in the morning.

A competent blacksmith and wood worker is in want of a job for the winter. Is not afraid of work, and well acquainted with what is required in camp. Enquire at the AVALANCHE office. sep26tf

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cobb, of Maple Forest, were in town the last of the week, and from the amount of trading they were doing one might imagine they were about to start a country store.

John McKee came down from camp Saturday, and was picked up in the street early Sunday morning, drunk again. Justice McElroy thought it was worth \$5.00 and costs, or ten days in jail.

The Y. P. S. C. E. will give a "Peanut Social" at the home of Miss Beale Meisler, Thursday evening, Oct. 24. A musical program has been arranged for the evening. Refreshments 10 cents. All are cordially invited.

"The Maccabees under the Searchlight," at the Presbyterian church, last Saturday evening, was well attended, and pronounced one of the best entertainments that has been given here for a long time. It will be of material help to the order in this place.

Sunday evening William Sheffield, of the 5th ward, handed the writer a cluster of ripe wild strawberries that his son had gathered that afternoon near the race track. There were four berries, and they were much larger than the average of wild berries.—Cheboygan Tribune.

H. K. Gustin's scheme whereby he was to settle back taxes for 50 cents on the dollar in Gustin, Alcona county, has received a damper by Attorney-General Maynard, who says that there is no provision whereby a township can settle taxes at a reduced rate.

We are in receipt of No. 1, Vol. 1, of the Michigan C. E. Herald, published at Tawas City, by Patterson and Schermerhorn, and edited by Rev. E. Schermerhorn of that place. It is published monthly, at 50 cents a year, and promises to be a grand help in the work of Christian Endeavor.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

The grand chapter of the Eastern Star, at Saginaw, adjourned Thursday after electing the following officers: Worthy grand matron, Mrs. Lida A. Pratt, Jackson; worthy grand patron, Chas. A. Conover, Coldwater; associate grand patron, Mrs. Ida Joslin, Northville; associate grand patron, W. H. Baxter, Detroit; grand secretary, reelected third term, Mrs. A. A. Matteson, Middleville; grand treasurer, reelected, Mrs. Susan K. Wiggins, Lansing; grand conductress, Mrs. Kate Page, Potoskey; associate grand conductress, Mrs. Anna Carpenter, Ypsilanti.

List of Letters Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending Oct. 19, '95. Conrady, M. Jam. Ryckman, M. Dav. Kraus, M. Otto. Rose, M. Willie. Mason, Mrs. J. O. Roseom, Frank. Watson, Peter. Windt, Charles. Parsons, Miss J. Wisht, Miss. Floyd.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "Advertised."

W. O. BRADEN, P. M.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, 'DR'.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

W. B. FLYNN, Dentist, WEST BRANCH, MICH.

Will make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Teeter.

NOTES.

Whereas my wife, May Lightner, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, this is to notify all persons not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

003—14 JACOB LIGHTNER.

The township of Hebron, near Cheboygan, is struggling with black diphtheria scourge. Ten cases have already been reported.

How to Cure a Cold.

Simply take Otto's Cure. We know of its astonishing cures and that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy.

If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption or any disease of the throat or lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will surprise you.

If you wish to try call at our store, and we will be pleased to furnish you a bottle free of cost, and that will prove our assertion. L. Fournier. 1

One of the largest lumber deals ever made at Cheboygan, was closed Oct. 18. Pelton & Reed, local lumber and mill men, have sold to D. S. Pate, of Chicago, 2,300,000 ft. of high grade pine lumber. The price named is over \$40,000.

House for Sale.

For sale a good 5 room house with woodshed, barn, grainer and well. All in good repair. Owner will sell very cheap for cash. Good reasons for selling. A bargain to right party. Call on or address

E. VAN DYKE, Grayling, Mich.

Bishop Richter dedicated St. Laurence's new Polish church at Cheboygan. Catholic societies from Gaylord and Mullet Lake arrived on special cars. The new French church will be dedicated next month.

Worth Knowing

Many thousand people have found a friend in Bacon's Celery King.

If you have never used this great specific for the prevailing maladies of the age, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, rheumatism, Costiveness, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and all diseases arising from derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys, we would be glad to give you a package of this great nerve tonic free of charge. L. Fournier. 1

For the past three weeks inquiries have been made so as to form an estimate of the amount of corn and potatoes raised in the county this season. The list is as yet incomplete, but enough farmers have been interviewed to give a pretty good estimate and the amount is considered safe at 2,100 bushels of corn, and 30,000 bushels of potatoes. This is very gratifying, and taking into consideration the season, is very encouraging to our farmers. That Roscommon county is adapted to farming is fast being demonstrated.—Ros. News.

Property for Sale.

The following described property, in the village of Grayling, is offered for sale for less than value: A lot 30 x 80 feet in the central part of lots 11 and 12, block 15, original plat, covered by the fine store building occupied by S. S. Claggett. The dwelling house and lot 4, block 8; also the dwelling and lot 10, block 15, all of the original plat of the village of Grayling. This property is all in first class condition, very desirable, and title perfect. Liberal terms will be made to purchasers. Inquire of

S. HEMPSTEAD.

For some time past Attorney G. L. Alexander, of Grayling, has been looking over the records of this county in the interest of Salling, Hanson & Co. of Grayling, and the object of his labors has just been made public.

On the west side of this county is a vast tract of marshland suitable for farming purposes and it was the intention of the above named firm to secure possession of this tract, and establish a Swedish colony on it. We are informed that the work of Mr. Alexander was to look up the abstracts and titles of the same and the firm of Salling, Hanson & Co. now own 10,000 acres in a block. Delinquent taxes in the sum of upward \$800 have been paid to Roscommon township, in which the land is situated. It is also reported that this company are extending a branch of the F. & P. M. rail road so that it will enter the land, and will eventually extend to Grayling. Already the predictions of the News that Roscommon lands are going to rise in value and are coming into the market, is being verified. Land in the vicinity of the Lakes is being rapidly picked up and it will not be long before choice tracts of land, that are now almost going begging, will be transformed into farms, and can only be bought at fancy prices. Again we ask our young men what they mean by letting outsiders come in and take the cream of the picking from them.—Ros. News.

Cloaks and Capes!

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW *FALL* LINE *OF* WRAPS? *

If you have an idea that you will want one this winter, now is the time while the stock is complete with the newest styles.

We have a complete line of MISSES AND GIRLS' JACKETS,

Also Babies Short Cloaks and Infant's Long Wraps.

By paying a small deposit we will lay aside any garment until called for.

No trouble to show goods.

JOE ROSENTHAL.

One Price Dry Goods, Clothing, Hat, Cap and Shoe House.



VICTOR BICYCLES

HIGHEST GRADE HONESTLY MADE

For beauty, strength, lightness, durability and easy running qualities, no other bicycle can equal the Victor. Buy a Victor and know you have the best.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO. Makers of Victor Bicycles and Athletic Goods.

BOSTON. DETROIT. NEW YORK. DENVER. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. PACIFIC COAST. LOS ANGELES. PORTLAND.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE

is the place to go to buy SCHOOL BOOKS, TABLETS, PENS, PENCILS, SLATES

—AND— School Supplies of Every Description.

LUCIEN FOURNIER, Sole Proprietor.

F. & P. M. R. R. MICHIGAN CENTRAL (NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.)

IN EFFECT JUNE 23, 1895.

Bay City Arrive—6:00 a. m. 7:25 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 11:20 a. m. 12:25 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m. 2:00 a. m. 3:00 a. m. 4:00 a. m. 5:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 12:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m.

THE AMERICAN TRAMP

SOME CHARACTERISTIC TYPES OF THESE VAGABONDS.

Combination of Circumstances that is Evolving Novel Varieties of American Nomads—Wandering Willies Meandering Mike and Plodding Pete.

Tramp Americanism. Our North American tramp audience has more than once been lulled to the climatic influences of a continent which, for ages, remained a haunt of nomadic hunters, but the truth seems

and a well-selected assortment of low comedies in the manner of a packman's display.

Flight from the scene of such exploits is facilitated by the free and easy methods of the railway employees. In Pennsylvania and all over the South freight trains with dozens of visibly empty cars can be seen trundling by, or stopping on a sidetrack where no body tries or cares to prevent a surreptitious addition to the cargo of live stock. A reporter of a Chattanooga paper found "six hoboes on one freight south-bound, and four on another that had just come in from the West. He called a brakeman's attention to the result of his investigation, but was told that the evil was irremediable, and

and blossomed out into types adapted to every virtue and every fault of the charitable public. There is the tragedy tramp, who harrows the souls of sympathetic women with tales of woe, and spreads his journey with graphic accounts of recent railway horrors, shipwreck and cyclone, often vindicting his habit of veridicality with bundles of greasy testimonials. He can sigh, too, and refrain from tears, since his experience with the Detroit apple woman: "Madam, may I sit down here and weep?" "No, you don't. Police! quick! police!"

Artful Dodgers.

The peddler tramp's application for cold yards are always preceded by an attempt at commercial transactions. "Need any needles, madam?" "No, sir." "Any pins?" "Don't want them." "Buy some matches, please; only a box." "Oh, please—they're a nickel for three boxes at the next-door grocery." "All right" (closing his satchel with a look of saintly resignation). "Never saw such hard times; oh, madam—say, couldn't you spare a fellow a scrap of anything to eat?" The Chesterfield tramp introduces himself with a bow and a paragraph of classic English, seasoned, perhaps, with a flavor of foreign accent; evidently a gentleman in reduced circumstances; or, who knows, perhaps a French count, or poet, fortune-wrecked in a struggle with the prosaic realities of the New World. Is he going to negotiate a loan? What only 7c. for paper and envelope and foreign postage? Why, of course, give him a dime, to make it a round sum. Then there is the proxy tramp, who lurks around the corner, while a runaway youngster does the begging for him; the gregarious tramp, who travels in gangs, trusting to the strength-in-union principle, and, worst of all, the blackguard tramp, who terrorizes unprotected housekeepers with scowls and hints at his talent for brutal invectives and invasions. "Tell the old woman to come down here." Little girl (after a brief interview with the materfamilias)—"My mother says she is sorry she can't see you." "Can't see me—what's the reason?" "Is she blind?" Then next door, where he is met by a silver-haired clergyman: "Can you give a man a cold blanket?" "Why now, that's too bad; all my folks are out, and there's nothing left from dinner." "Hand's a nickel, then." "Well, that's just the trouble—my wife took my purse along." "Can't you find a scrap of cold lunch?" "No, I told you; there's nothing left over from dinner." "Any apples?" "Our cellar is so wet we can't keep them in this warm weather." "Oh, that's it? Now, look here, old man; I would ask you for a drink of water, if I wasn't sure you'd swear on a stack of Bibles that your clister froze up last night."

But the most characteristically American variety of the species is the professional tramp, who has firmly made up his mind to die behind a hedge rather than accept a chance for any kind of work under any circumstances. The despises, the representative vagrants of Southern Europe, have half a dozen by-ways. They flatter, they tell fortunes, they buy and sell horses. The journeymen artisans of France and Germany are compelled by law to work a month steady, even at a minimum



THE HANG-OUT.

to be that the industrial classes of all ages and all countries have been annoyed by the manifestations of an instinct which, in the United States, has been developed by an unparalleled combina-



THE PEDDLER TRAMP.

tion of propitious circumstances. As a matter of mere climatic predilection, writes F. L. Oswald in the Globe-Democrat, professional tramps would probably prefer the almost perpetual spring of Southern France, but the thrifty citizens of that truck-farm Eden have repressed vagrancy by a code of by-laws that could never be enforced upon the easy-going natives of republican America.

In France, and, indeed, all over Central and Southern Europe, people live in towns or villages, and the farmsteads that bear no chickens crow but their own, as they express it in Tennessee, are known only in the Austrian Alps and in the highlands of Norway. The lowland roads, from Havre to Moscow, are patrolled by gendarmes, or mounted constables, apt to stop every suspicious pedestrian and ask more questions than an American tramp would have to answer after an attempt at highway robbery. Even the grumbling good wife who contrives to butter another "handout" after satisfying half a dozen similar demands in about as many hours, is not given to cross-examination. The ups and downs of her own ancestors may have something to do with that tolerance, as well as her democratic principle of giving a suspect the benefit of every doubt, and rather assist twenty fugitives from justice than turn the bulldog upon one deserving applicant for charity. The gold hunters who, a few months ago, traversed the sandhills of Western Australia, reported that on a journey of 1,800 English miles they found only three pools of drinkable water, one rain a year being about the average of that discouraging climate. Droughts of that sort are almost unknown on the continent of Columbus. In East America, at least, perennial springs can be found in every wooded hollow, and the entire mountain system of the Alleghenies, with all their spurs and ramifications, abounds in attractive camping grounds. "Hang outs," as the knights of the pike call their bivouacs, are found near every principal city of the Union—generally in some shady dell just beyond the limit of the corporation limits. Occasional rainy spells do not damp the spirits of the expert vagrant. He knows weather sheds and isolated barns, and further south hundreds of abandoned homesteads, often with snug, weather-proof buildings and good orchards. One must have traveled in Georgia and the Carolinas to credit the multitude of these monuments of our North American migration mania. "Gone West" "Moved to the city," says your guide, as you pass farm after farm, with the fences down and the flower path covered with rank grass. "Lots of good apples in there," he often adds, "but there is no sale for them, and the folks round here have more than they can use themselves. It looks like a sin to let all that fruit spoil."

The Commonwealth's Antiquity. Brother Commonwealth relieves the community of such scruples. In wet summers a whole gang of his brethren will establish their headquarters in a desirable ruin, keeping the tin can boiling with the products of extensive raids and fuel from the pile of molding fence rails. In stress of circumstances a belated veteran of the cold lunch brigade will not hesitate to avail himself of the temporary desertion of a comfortable dwelling house, and a Kentucky grass widow, on her return from a few days' visit to a sick sister, was horrified to find a 6-foot tramp in her



DOWN TO BUSINESS.

nous travelers to accept a temporary berth on the rostrum deck in consideration of their assistance at woodpeck work, and the crew rarely grudges



THE TRAMP TRAGEDIAN.

the volunteer a share of their pot luck. Thus encouraged, the army of unkempt peripatetics has multiplied like the rabbit population of New Zealand,

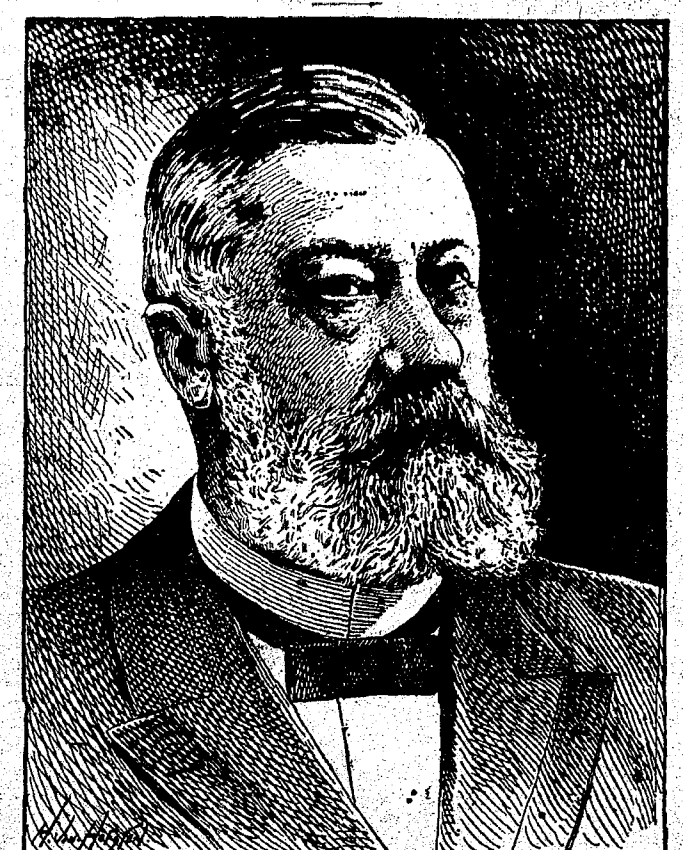
compensation, before applying for another week's wander license; they may abuse that license by confidence tricks and petty larceny, but the American thoroughbred rejects by-trades even in that form. He loves the art of unconspicuous vagrancy for art's sake; and as long as he can walk and beg, neither stimulates his appetite with manual labor nor lets the peace of his digestion be troubled by the Nemesis of crime.

Tortured by Mosquitoes.

A "combination atlas and map of Trumbull County," published at Chicago, Ill., under the supervision of L. H. Evans, in the year 1874, tells a queer story of early frontier justice. "The first trial tribunal was composed of a self-organized body of men, who tried and convicted a man for stealing from a fellow boarder. He was convicted, and sentenced to be divested of his apparel, tied to a tree, and subjected to the bites of mosquitoes for the period of an hour. It was soon discovered, however, that the man would have little or no blood left at the expiration of his term of punishment, and he was released at the end of the first half hour. He was never known to steal again."—Columbus Journal.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnum—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook. —Yonkers Statesman.

HON. JOSEPH ZEMP, PRESIDENT OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.



HER CHALLENGE.

She Downed All Comers Until the Man with Baseball Lingo Spoke up.

"I am the peer of any man!"

As she uttered these words of proud defiance Flinda Saycal drew herself to her full height and scornfully gazed at the group of savants who surrounded her. All but one of the throng cringed before her as it acknowledged her claim, so great was her erudition, so masterful was her manner.

The one who cringed not was hardly a savant. He was a professional baseball umpire, with a large aggressive looking pompadour and black eyes that regarded her with a look of confident cunning.

One by one the savants questioned her. She answered queries in French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese and Norwegian. She read Greek, Latin and Hebrew at sight, and she called Sanskrit "easy."

"Gentlemen," she pleaded at last, "try to make it more interesting for me. This is mere kindergarten work."

"Do your worst!" she said, mockingly. "There is nothing I cannot understand."

"What? Nothing?"

It was the umpire with the aggressive pompadour and the keen, cunning eyes who spoke. There was a cynical smile on his lips.

"Nothing! Nothing!"

She repeated the words as defiantly as ever; but there was a startled look in her eyes, as if she knew she possessed one vulnerable point and feared he had found it.

"Nothing in English would puzzle you, I suppose?"

"Chaucer without a glossary or Browning without a key, of course," she answered, "but just try me. And as for magazine poetry, I can tell what it means when it doesn't mean anything. There is nothing I cannot understand."

"What, then, does this mean?"

Taking from his pocket a morning paper he read aloud: "Nichols told the leather for the left field fence. Lowe cracked a single, sending Nichols to second. Long smashed a corking two-bagger through Eddie Burke, and the cranks had heart failure as two of the Beaneaters sprinted across the plate. Rusie's next ball twisted like an elongated bedspring, but Duffy pushed his bat against it for a single. He fell asleep on first, however, and was nailed by big Amle's catapult throw."

"Tucker's pop fly was pie for Davis, and Nash fanned the ether three times, sending Beantown to the field. The Giants were goose egged in their half. Rusie banged a twister with whiskers on it to the infield, but the leather beat him out at first. Tlerran fouled. Stafford touched Nichols for three bags, but died when Farrell popped a fly."

Pausing, the umpire transfixed the new woman with triumphant eyes that seemed to burn into her very soul.

"What does that mean?" he demanded.

With a shriek of despair Flinda Saycal fell to the floor.

"Lost! Lost!" she moaned.

The baseball reporter's lingo, was the one thing on earth she could not understand.—Louisville Commercial.

a hundred dollars and one cent, which had not been entered in his passbook, and the bank really owed him a balance of ninety-nine dollars and one cent.

The balance went on accumulating dividends until 1875, when it became a dormant amount, and ceased to draw interest. The amount then due Roe was \$348.25. Efforts were made without success to find him. He had become very poor; was too old and feeble to go to work again, and was given a home by his sons at Rutherford, N. J.

Roe always intended to repay the \$1 he thought he owed, but never did so. President Townsend, of the Bowers Savings Bank, in looking over the books one day came across Roe's account. A new search was instituted and Roe was found at Rutherford. He was told to call at the bank with his old account books. Shortly afterward he did so, accompanied by his granddaughter, 17 years old.

"I suppose it's about that dollar I owe your bank that you want to see me," said the old man, addressing Mr. Townsend.

"Guess these bank people know what's right," he said to his granddaughter. "I never was much on 'tilly-metic."

He pocketed the \$348.25, shook hands with the bank officials and returned home.

How He Broke the Ice.

Many different persons find the beginning of a conversation awkward, especially on ceremonious occasions and with strangers. Sometimes, however, the beginning is not half so awkward as what comes afterward.

According to a story in Punch, a bashful young man said to a lady at a dinner party:

"I've got to take you in to dinner, Miss Travers, and I'm rather afraid of you, you know. Mrs. Jollibois tells me you're very clever."

"The young lady was naturally amused by this display of simplicity."

"How absurd!" she exclaimed. "I'm not a bit clever."

The man heaved a sigh of relief, and said:

"Well, do you know, I thought you weren't."

Glucose.

A short article going the rounds of the press, and recently published in our columns, states that glucose is the greatest of all adulterants, and is used for making cheap candy, sugar, jellies and syrups. According to "Confectioners' Journal," this is untrue. Glucose is used in some candies, but it is not "the greatest of all adulterants," nor an adulterant at all. It is simply an ingredient and does not differ in this respect from molasses, and is just as harmless. Although the assertions made in article quoted from distinctly apply to cheap candies, and have no reference to the honestly made article, we gladly correct a statement which, it seems, has no foundation in fact.

Under the Sea.

The progress of photography under the sea, by means of the newly devised magnesium light—a marvel of ingenuity—may justly be described as something wonderful, though the timing of the exposures is said to still present one of the most serious difficulties yet to be overcome.

"That racehorse of yours seems well broke," said the man who stands around and looks on. "Yes," replied the melancholy owner of the animal; "but he isn't as well broke as I am."—Washington Star.

The Upas Not Deadly.

The noxiousness of the poisonous exhalations of the upas tree were dispelled long ago. It is, however, a good old myth, with many variants in folklore. Professor Weisner believes that the upas tree is the Antirrhoea toxicaria, to be found in Java. There is one species, the innocua, which is harmless, whereas a drop of the dispirited juice of the toxicaria will kill a dog. Anyhow, there are quite a number of the so-called upas trees growing in the botanical garden of Java, and you may walk around the grove in the most comfortable manner.

In Public.

There is no better criterion of a man's breeding than the way he conducts himself at a theater party. If he ignores the performance, and keeps up a little comedy of his own by laughing and talking, and thus disturbing everybody around him, you may safely set him down as a cad. As a rule, when the theater child goes by himself he is quiet enough. But going in a party seems to have an intoxicating effect upon him, and he avails himself of it as an opportunity to show what he really is.

Indiana is a very rich State; its property of all kinds reaching a total of \$727,815,131.

EXPENSIVE SPORT.

Cost of Building and Sailing the Cup Contender.

When Lord Dunsraven expressed himself not long ago as in favor of reducing the load water line of future cup contenders from ninety to seventy-two feet, he doubtless had in mind the enormous sum of money which it cost to build and maintain a 50-foot racing sloop. Few persons have any idea of the amount it now requires to conduct an international race, and it would doubtless surprise many to know that the cost of the present series is not far from half a million dollars.

To begin with the Defender. The cost of her shapely hull is said to be about \$85,000. Her four suits of sails cost approximately \$10,000, and the value of her spars is \$10,000. Thus the actual cost of merely building the cup Defender was \$105,000. But that is not all. A training ship cost \$10,000; a tender \$6,300; wages, clothing and feeding of her crew for four months \$30,000; bonuses \$5,000; towing bills, \$2,000; and \$2,900 more for docking. To these amounts must be added \$5,000 in conveying the Defender's fittings by express, instead of freight, and \$10,700 for repairs and odds and ends, making the total cost of building and sailing the Defender \$176,000.

The Valkyrie is not such an expensive boat. No exact figures are obtainable in regard to the cost of building and maintaining her, but competent experts figure that the total amount expended in connection with her will not exceed \$90,000.

Thus it will be seen that the two boats themselves, their construction and equipment make a total expenditure of \$266,000. To this must be added the \$50,000 which Commodore George Gould laid out in tuning the Vigilant up to be a trial horse for the Defender, and taking \$185,000 as the total amount laid out in connection with the challenge, trial races, entertainment and similar items, the cost of the international races of 1895 will be seen to amount to fully \$500,000.

The America's cup is worth now not more than \$250, but fully \$1,000,000 has been expended in keeping it on this side of the water since the America won it in 1851.

Modern Instances.

The papers have recently recorded the suicide of three children—two of them only nine years old. One little girl killed herself because of the harsh reproaches of her father when he found that she had appropriated a penny from some household money, and the other two children took their lives in order to spare their mother, a poor widow, the burden of their support. All belonged to the class whose life is more or less of a struggle from its beginning, and probably, therefore, were not endowed with unusual sensitiveness.

In commenting upon these incidents, Kate Field's Washington gives a word of warning to thoughtless parents who do not realize the dreadful suffering children often endure, silently, for some chance remark, exaggerated either carelessly or to point a moral. Habitual inaccuracy of speech is not taken account of by children, unlearned in the ways of this world. A serious, sensitive child naturally believes the letter of the law, and will brood for weeks over hints of pecuniary or domestic trouble which the father and mother forget ten minutes after they have uttered them. The certainty that he is powerless to avert misfortune makes it all the more terrible in prospect. Older people know what it is to enjoy poor health, and understand the "luxury of being miserable," hear rumors of bankruptcy and warnings of danger with tolerable complacency; but children should be spared this unnecessary torture. "Childhood's happy hour" is balanced by many an hour of real distress, and the 5-year-old who announced in a moment of gloom that "this world isn't any better than an old shanty, anyhow," is not alone among his contemporaries. The retrospection of a period of unceasing pleasure, takes account of the gains without the losses, and the weather of the past is always sunshine in the mature memory; so that children have very little appreciation or sympathy given to their sorrows.

Parried by a Joke.

One of Henry Clay's most formidable one-armed men, for many years a member of the Kentucky legislature, was John Pope, a hero of Congress, and at one time a United States Senator. He was once running against Mr. Clay in the Lexington district, and the contest was close and exciting.

As election day approached, Mr. Clay heard that an Irishman in Lexington, who had always been one of his political supporters, had announced his purpose to vote for Mr. Pope. Mr. Clay went to see him, and inquired the reason.

"Faith, Mr. Clay," said the man, "an' I've concluded to vote for the man who has only one arm to thrust into the treasury."

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HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.

If counts with empty pocketbooks, Who boast of titles old, Like any special blossom best It is marl-gold.

—Truth.

Hoax—Why do you call your hunting dog Indian? Joak—Because he's always on the scent.—Philadelphia Record.

He (delighted with a new play)—Isn't it grand? She—Perfectly lovely! It must have been made by Worth.—New York Weekly.

"Jones has a good deal of money, hasn't he?" "Well, he ought to have." "How is that?" "He never pays any out."—Chicago Record.

"No," said young Spooner, "I wasn't really mad when her father drove me from the house; but I admit that I was put out."—Boston Transcript.

"Darley is in dreadful trouble." "What's the matter—got into debt?" "No; that's just the trouble. Nobody'll trust him, and he can't."—Harper's Bazar.

In judgment now I daily err, As cycles past me whirr; I gaily call "Good morning, sir!" Then find it was a girl.

—Pearson's Weekly.

He—Dearest, my whole heart is devoted to you. She—But how about your pocketbook? He—Excuse me, but I was thinking about yours.—Boston Transcript.

"Hello, Jasman, where are you living now?" "With my wife, of course." "And where is your wife living?" "Oh—er—why—with her father."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Cleopatra's needle weighs 180 tons—so or so I have been told," said Harkaway. "I don't wonder she preferred flitting to sewing," commented Dawson.—Harper's Bazar.

Hotel Clerk—Sir, the visitor in No. 35 complains that the room is haunted. Landlord—Indeed? Then put down on his bill, "One ghost, 10 marks."—Hofers Stadtsatzeiger.

Richard—Wonder if we can get a drink at this place? William—Don't know. We can find out by going in, I suppose. Richard—Thanks; don't care if I do.—Boston Transcript.

Wearly Watkins—The doctors say we ought to eat more cereal food. Hungry Higgins—They is too much of the cereal business about our style of eatin' already.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Hello, are you back?" said Squidly to McGwilligen, as the latter came in after a week's absence. "No; I've just gone," replied McGwilligen, mildly.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

The melancholy days have come. When man bewails his lot; The leaves we know too well, will fall; The price of coal will not.

—Washington Star.

Hoax—I never saw such an impudent policeman as that one. Joak—That's not surprising. He couldn't be a copper without a large percentage of brass in his composition.—Philadelphia Record.

Speculator—Is there any money in inventions? Manufacturer—Not as much as there used to be. The inventors are getting so smart now that they actually demand a share of the profits.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"There are some cases," said the young man, "in which scientists say that smoking is beneficial." "Um—yes," replied the man of years. "It's a good thing for a kam, for instance."—Washington Star.

"What principles are you going to advocate in the next town?" asked the campaigner's private secretary. "I dunno. You get the next train there, and find out what their views are."—Washington Star.

Softly—Your trip to the mountains seems to have benefited you. Bilkins—It has made a different man of me. Softly—Is that so. Then what has become of the man I loaned \$10 to when you left the city?

When winds do blow, predicting snow And all is serene and brown; The festive tramp breaks summer camp And rambles back to town.

—Philadelphia Record.

Punster (to ballet dancers)—You people are almost always odd. Ballet Dancer—Yes, and you can take the word "almost" out of the jokes that you people try to make about us.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dudley—Do you think Miss Eckerkin is serious in her intention regarding me? Chumleigh—Yes, bet I do. Dudley—Well, say now, in matrimony, do you think she means matrimony or adoption?—Chicago Record.

Lawyer—Have you formed any opinion on this case? Jurymen, No, sir. "Do you think, after the evidence on both sides is all in, you would be able to form any opinion?" "No, sir."

"You'll do."—New York Weekly.

Mr. Spinks—Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me? Willie—Yes. She's made up her mind, and she's making up her face now. She'll be down in a minute.—The Great Divide.

Customer—Can't you wait upon me? I've been here for nearly an hour. Two pounds of liver, please. Butcher—Sorry, but there's three or four ahead of you. Surely you don't want your liver out of order.—Boston Herald.

Why Denver's Houses Are So Fine. Kate Field, who is out in Denver, is very much impressed with its lovely characteristics, especially as manifested in its fine houses. Every minor who strikes it rich, she says, comes to Denver, seeks an architect and orders a house built, merely saying, "Beat all creation and do it at the expense." Thus she accounts for the beautiful homes of the city of the great divide.

Every man likes to suggest what the other fellows shall do.

Nerves and Blood

Are inseparably connected. The former depend simply, solely, solidly upon the latter. If it is pure they are properly fed and there is no "nervousness." If it is impure they are fed on refuse and the horrors of nervous prostration result. Feed the nerves on pure blood. Make pure blood and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

GEN. PARKER AND THE SENECA

It is a question whether he was a Full-Blooded Indian.
Some of the accounts of the late Gen. Ely S. Parker state that he was "a lineal descendant of Red Jacket," and the "last surviving chief of the Six Nations."

Neither statement is correct. Gen. Parker's mother belonged to the Wolf clan of the Iroquois, and this was the clan to which Red Jacket's mother belonged. On account of this clan relationship Red Jacket, whenever he visited the Seneca reservation, used to make the home of Gen. Parker's parents his abiding place. The old sachem survived all his children and died, the last of his family, in 1830, when Gen. Parker inherited the great silver medal which Washington had presented to Red Jacket in 1792. It descends regularly to the grand sachem of the Wolf clan. The late Jenny Johnson had it from Red Jacket, and upon Chief Jenny's death it was handed down to Gen. Parker. The latter had the medal when, in October, 1884, the bones of Red Jacket and other chiefs were reinterred with appropriate ceremonies in the lot in Forest Lawn now overlooked by Red Jacket's statue.

Gen. Parker was one of the fifty sachems of the Six Nations and one of the several chiefs of the Seneca nation. Both the tribal and the league forms of government are continued to-day precisely as in former times when the Iroquois were the rulers of central New York. The distinction between chiefs and the sachems is, according to Gen. Parker, that the sachems are tribal chiefs who sit in the councils of the nation, while the chiefs sit only in the councils of their several tribes. The death of Gen. Parker will leave a vacancy which will be filled at a conference held by the sachems of the nation.

A letter of Gen. Parker to William C. Bryant, of this city, throws some doubt on the story that he was a full-blooded Indian. In speaking of the distinctions of chieftainship among the Iroquois, he says: "My father and his brother Samuel were both intelligent men, and knew and understood the Indians well, and were also fairly versed in Indian politics." This certainly conveys the idea that Gen. Parker's father was a white man, and if so, it is easier to understand why he was so able and successful, though his career is a remarkable one, even among Indians having a mixture of white blood in their veins.—Buffalo Courier.

Discipline in the Austrian Army.
Thirteen Austrian hussars were shot and thirteen others sent to jail for life at Przemyśl, in Galicia, the other day, for the murder of a sergeant who had maddened them by his cruelty and tyranny.

Matilda Enham, Columbia, Pa., says:

"That Baring-Down Feeling" and dizzy, faint, gasping attacks left me as soon as I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick with womb troubles so long I thought I never could get well."

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder-burns). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them, the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

It cured these two.

IT WILL CURE YOU TOO.

GAPT. THOMAS B. GRIFFITH.

President of the 139th Regiment Volunteers' Association.

The subject of this sketch, Captain Thomas B. Griffith, who was elected president of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was born in Stewartstown, York County, Feb. 28, 1835. He is the son of William and Mary (Baird) Griffith. He was sent to Baltimore city when he was 9 years old, and lived with his grandmother, Mary Griffith, until 18. He had the advantage of the select and academic schools of that city. At the end of that period he again returned to his parental roof and continued his studies by taking an academy.



CAPTAIN THOMAS B. GRIFFITH.

to course in his native town, under Prof. James A. Murphy, recently deceased.

In the fall of 1862 he enlisted in Company C, One Hundred and Thirtieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, as first lieutenant, was promoted to the captaincy of his company, and saw active service in the battles of Fredericksburg, Antietam and Chancellorsville. After a service of nine months in the war he returned to his practice for several years with marked success. In 1871 he came to Montoursville, and after practicing his profession for two years, in 1874 he purchased the drug business of Dr. Archer and Harry Bastian, which he has since conducted in connection with dentistry.

Captain Griffith held the position of overseer and gauger of the Pount distillery in York County for two and a half years, under President Andrew Johnson's administration. He has been a member of the school board of Montoursville for two years, and belongs to Eureka Lodge, No. 335, A. Y. M. Reno Post, No. 64, G. A. R., and the Montoursville Veteran Association, in all of which he has taken a lively interest for their prosperity and welfare.

Current Condensations.
Last year the deposits in the savings banks of Massachusetts increased by nearly \$17,000,000 over the previous year. This was in a time of depression.

Lovell has on one of her roadsides a large urn, which is kept constantly filled with fresh flowers at the expense of a wealthy lady who resides in the vicinity, as a memorial to her pet poodle, which was killed by the cars at that point.

A monster chain forty kilometers (twenty-five miles) long is being made for Germany at the Watteler works, Jurnet, Belgium, the total weight being 680 tons, so that sixty-eight ten ton wagons, or a whole train, will be required for its carriage.

At the sale of an important private library at New York last week most of the books sold very low, including some that lately have been bringing fancy prices. The most hotly contested rarity in the collection appears to have been Jay Gould's history of Delaware County, which brought \$12.

A collection for the families of those who went to the bottom with the Spanish war ship Reina Regente resulted in getting together a considerable sum. The Bank of Spain gave 25,000 pesetas, the Queen regent 10,000, her mother 2,000, the late Queen Isabella 4,000, her husband 3,000, two of the infantas each 2,000 little King Alfonso 2,000, and his sisters each 1,000. All the ministers and senators contributed from 100 to 200 pesetas.

The first county soldiers' monument erected in the United States is the one standing in the public square in Lancaster, Wis. It was in 1863, when several hundred Grant County boys were in fields of strife, that such a monument was suggested by George L. Loughton, of Plattville. It was completed and dedicated July 4, 1897, at a cost of \$7,000. Of this amount \$2,000 was raised by subscription and the remainder was appropriated by the county.

The contracts for Phelps Hall, Yale College, have been signed, and work will begin at once on the open space between Welch hall and Lawrence hall on College street. The design is in the character of a tower, flanked by four octagonal turrets, with an elevation of about 100 feet from the ground level to the top of the parapet. A great archway, sixteen feet wide in the center, leading from College street forms the principal entrance to the campus.

F. L. Coombs, of Napa, Cal., ex-minister to Japan, says: "Opportunities now in Japan for the average American are not good, as the Japanese are themselves back of every new enterprise like the introduction of electricity, and others meant to develop the empire. The Japanese have the money, too, to push forward these things. Their exports last year exceeded the imports by \$20,000,000, and sums like this in a small country, among economical people, count a good deal."

THE LATE PROF. LOUIS PASTEUR.



DOCKING A HORSE'S TAIL.

Veterinarians and Horsemen Say the Operation Is Very Painful.

Horses' tails are now docked in a new and, it is claimed, a more humane way. The work is done by specialists, who call at the stables to perform the operation. Like dentists, who dull the pains of teeth-extracting by seating the victims on luxurious plush chairs, modern farriers try to make their patients comfortable during the tail-clipping. Still, despite these well-meant efforts, docking is painful. But stablemen all say it is not as painful as tooth-pulling.

"Docking," said a philosophical coachman to a New York World reporter, "is the green horse's initiation to the ranks of well-fed and well-groomed carriage horses. If horses could speak they would all asked to be docked, in order to gain such easy employment and good surroundings." Dealers never dock a horse. Should they do so buyers will not believe the horse is not "second-hand," that is, one that has been used in the city before and not a lusty animal, fresh from the country, technically a "green" horse. Hackneys are the only horses invariably offered at the auction sales with docked tails, for at the breeding farms the hackney colts and fillies are docked before they are weaned. At the other auctions of harness and carriage horses the stock is always offered with the tails long. The buyers are usually well-known city

people. When the horses appear in Central Park a day or two afterward they have docked tails. The farrier is always called in as soon as the new horse reaches the owner's well-appointed stable.

In the present case the farrier was summoned therefore to perform the operation. He arrived at the stable, carrying his outfit in a canvas bag, like a sailor's kit. The horse was then led into an end stall and fastened by an ordinary headstall to the manger, which was filled with oats. A piece of stout canvas, supported by a wooden framework previously built up in the stall, was swung under the horse's body. On one side this canvas hammock was secured by immovable fastenings, but on the other side the fastening ropes were tied to pulleys, so the horse could be raised up in the hammock. Some stout wooden rails were built up to make a fence behind and almost touching his hind legs. The tail was laid across the top rail and a strap put over it. The hammock was then raised up until the horse could not kick, or move his body or tail.

Now the actual operation began. The coachman tied a stout string around the tail at the place the incision was to be made, and gathered up the long strands of hair that fell over it into a coil and fastened it back with a string, so as to expose the skin of

the... vertebrae. He then took a firm hold on the lower end of the tail and the farrier began work. The old-fashioned docking shears with which the tail used to be divided are now out of use. The operation was done with a surgeon's amputating knife. The farrier poised the sharp-edged lance over the vertebrae, and with short, deft strokes, wielding the knife with a steady hand, he cut through the flesh and cartilage, quickly severing the tail.

There was no flow of blood, the string tied above the cut checking the hemorrhage. While the farrier brought an iron at white heat from the furnace, the coachman clipped a bunch of hairs from the severed end. He covered the raw cut thickly with the hairs, and then the cauterizing iron was pressed against the flesh. A sickening odor of burning hair and flesh arose at once, making the air of the closed-up stable almost suffocating. This was the end of the operation. Both the cutting and the burning had been done inside of sixty seconds.

As a precaution the horse had not been fed that morning, and he began ravenously munching at the oats as soon as he was tied to the manger. During the cutting the horse did not quit eating, but he shook his head and the body quivered when the iron burned the flesh. At this time, too, the horse gave a shrill neigh of pain, and, but for the supporting hammock, he might have fallen, for he tried to crouch down

When Admiral Stephen B. Luce was a young lieutenant on the old ship Constellation he was known equally for his capabilities as an officer and for his reckless tendencies. His readiness of wit was also a marked quality, as is shown by the following story, that is a favorite in the ward-rooms of the navy to this day: The ship was at Newport and the lieutenant entered fully into the pleasures of that gay city. As he went aboard one evening, after an afternoon out, the officer of the deck noticed that his step was not as steady as it might be, and, in his sternest tones, said: "Mr. Luce, you're tight, sir!" Quick as a flash came the answer: "If Stephen B. Luce, how can be tight, sir?" The future admiral heard no more of the matter.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Ibsen's Blunt Reply.
An intensely reserved man, Ibsen is not at all fond of talking about himself or his works. At a dinner some time ago the wife of a well-known artist, being seated beside him, insisted on conducting the conversation to that end and finally maintained at length that his "Hedda Gabler" was an impossible woman. "But, madam," he answered, "I drew her from the life." "Yes, Herr Doktor, but I am a woman. I should know. I say again that it is impossible that such a woman should exist." This was too much for Herr Doktor; like a flash he turned on her. "Idiot!" he ejaculated, which was naturally the end of that conversation.

Like a Venomous Serpent.
Hidden in the grass, malaria bait yells at you, there is, however, a certain antidote to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famous specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, la grippe and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.

He Didn't Haft!
He was one of those unruly youngsters who made the life of a public school teacher a hard one. He was in the primary grade. He came in one morning with dirty hands and face. The teacher looked at him severely.

"Johnny!"
"Have you washed your face and hands this morning?"
"No'm."
"Why not?"
"None of the folks is home, an' I don't haft to."—Syracuse Post.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

How He Stopped the Deacon.
A Texas preacher threw a Bible at a deacon who started to run away with the collection, and knocked him down the front steps of the church, breaking his leg in two places.

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors natural brown or black.

A Minnesota girl of 15 can distinguish no color, everything being white to her, and she is compelled to wear dark glasses to protect her eyes from the glare.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. Mrs. E. C. Mouton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 25, 1894.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND HIS WIFE.

LADY RENALS. SIR JOSEPH RENALS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HIS UNPLEASANT DUTY.

He Did Not Make Very Hard Work of It, After All.

Now the wild rush for home begins, and when one of the women, who have gotten to know each other very well, appears upon the porch of the country house or hotel, valise in hand, and while the impatient driver of the stage or carriage protests loudly and often, this sort of thing occurs:

"Good-by, Miss Bemis (kiss). Good-by, Miss Jones (kiss). So sorry to leave you all. Good-by, Mr. Brown (kiss your daughter for me). All right, driver; we're coming. Good-by, Miss Jenks (kiss). Good-by, everybody. Come along, Katie; all right, driver. Where's Miss Burt? Oh, dear! I've left my umbrella, and it's bad luck to go back! Oh, thank you so much! All right, driver! I declare it's too bad to leave you all. You must call and see us some time—Newark, Ohio, you know. Good-by! Good-by!"

There's a flutter of handkerchiefs from the stage, a reply from the porch and the vehicle has turned the corner. A quiet little man, who saw one of these performances the other day, said to his wife:

"Maria, must we do that sort of thing when we go to-morrow?"

"Why, certainly," was the reply. "You wouldn't be impolite, would you?"

"Yes, I would," said he, earnestly, "and I will, too. I'll never do that, and I tell you so right now. I'll say good-bye to the whole lot in a general way, same as the deacon said grace over the whole barrel of pork, but I won't go round in any such fashion as that."

"Then they'll be very much hurt, and so shall I," said his wife. "You always do want to sneak out of everything and leave it for me to do."

"Oh, all right," he said, doggedly, "I'll do it."

So when they appeared in the porch the next day, equipped for traveling, the husband laid his suitcase in the "bus, came back, seized the prettiest girl, gave her a rousing kiss and said:

"Good-by, Miss Field; I really hate to leave you."

Then he gazed around like a humming-bird, shook hands with the men, hugged the landlady, and kissed two more pretty women—married, these—before their husbands could protest or his panic-stricken wife interfere.

Then he bounded into the omnibus, and said, as they were driven depotward:

"Well, Maria, that was one time I didn't sneak, did I?"—New York Recorder.

A Ready Answer.

When Admiral Stephen B. Luce was a young lieutenant on the old ship Constellation he was known equally for his capabilities as an officer and for his reckless tendencies. His readiness of wit was also a marked quality, as is shown by the following story, that is a favorite in the ward-rooms of the navy to this day: The ship was at Newport and the lieutenant entered fully into the pleasures of that gay city. As he went aboard one evening, after an afternoon out, the officer of the deck noticed that his step was not as steady as it might be, and, in his sternest tones, said: "Mr. Luce, you're tight, sir!" Quick as a flash came the answer: "If Stephen B. Luce, how can be tight, sir?" The future admiral heard no more of the matter.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Ibsen's Blunt Reply.
An intensely reserved man, Ibsen is not at all fond of talking about himself or his works. At a dinner some time ago the wife of a well-known artist, being seated beside him, insisted on conducting the conversation to that end and finally maintained at length that his "Hedda Gabler" was an impossible woman. "But, madam," he answered, "I drew her from the life." "Yes, Herr Doktor, but I am a woman. I should know. I say again that it is impossible that such a woman should exist." This was too much for Herr Doktor; like a flash he turned on her. "Idiot!" he ejaculated, which was naturally the end of that conversation.

Like a Venomous Serpent.
Hidden in the grass, malaria bait yells at you, there is, however, a certain antidote to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famous specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, la grippe and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.

He Didn't Haft!
He was one of those unruly youngsters who made the life of a public school teacher a hard one. He was in the primary grade. He came in one morning with dirty hands and face. The teacher looked at him severely.

"Johnny!"
"Have you washed your face and hands this morning?"
"No'm."
"Why not?"
"None of the folks is home, an' I don't haft to."—Syracuse Post.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

How He Stopped the Deacon.
A Texas preacher threw a Bible at a deacon who started to run away with the collection, and knocked him down the front steps of the church, breaking his leg in two places.

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors natural brown or black.

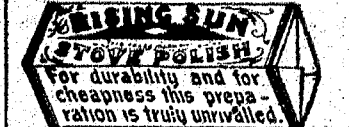
A Minnesota girl of 15 can distinguish no color, everything being white to her, and she is compelled to wear dark glasses to protect her eyes from the glare.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. Mrs. E. C. Mouton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 25, 1894.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND HIS WIFE.

LADY RENALS. SIR JOSEPH RENALS.

BEST IN THE WORLD.



For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivaled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH is a quick acting and efficient cleanser for all stoves, grates, and ranges. It is sold by all druggists and hardware stores.

Moore Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is unquestionably a most valuable FOOD in sick room, where either little one or adult needs delicate, nourishing diet!!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!

John Carle & Sons, New York.

Moore Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

RIDANS TABULES

Under date of Oct. 4, 1893, Mr. W. B. Ingle, manager of the Whitehall, N. Y., Chronicle, says: "I know of a case where the Ridans Tablets have saved a man's life. Given up by all the doctors. Told to get ready to die. Had the worst form of dyspepsia. Couldn't retain any food on his stomach. Wasted away to nothing but skin and bones."

Ridans Tablets are sold by druggists or by mail for 50 cents a box. In case of a trial, send 10 cents. No. 10 Spring Street, New York, N. Y.

Moore Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

THE BEST TEST IS USE.

Below are a few condensed extracts from letters received:

"Used for my own baby, and can truly say that this is a most reliable, nourishing, and easily digested food."

"I have used it for my baby, and it has been a great help to me."

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THE TIDE OF THE PAST.

Sometimes the troubled tide of all the past
Upon my spirit's trembling strand is
rolled.

Years never mine—ages an hundredfold,
With all the weight those ages have
amassed.

Of human grief and wrong, are on me cast:
Within an onerous moment I grow old,
And blanch as one who scarce his way
can hold.

Upon a verge that takes some flood-tide
vast.

Then comes relief through some dear
common thing:
The voices of the children at their play,
The wind-wave through bright mead-
lows, moving fast;
The blue-bird's skyward call, on happy
wing;
So the sweet present reassumes her
sway;
So lapse the surges of the monstrous
past.

—Edith M. Thomas in the Century.

MY BURGLES.

I've always had my theories as regards
one's action in an emergency. There are
some scenes I have thought over, a sort
of mental rehearsal, again and again, and
I do not believe my well-trained wits
could desert me, whatever the opinion of
brother Jack may be.

I'm not a young woman. I passed the
boundary line of old maidhood seven
years ago. I made a celebration over my
32d birthday. It was in a quiet and
I invited several of the old school girls
from St. Mary's to come in their cool
muslin wrappers (East India mourning)
to the funeral of my youth. I served a
lunch of ice and lady-fingers on maid-
hair ferns and we drank iced tea (I've al-
ways hated tea) as a proper preparation
for old maidism. I read them a poem, a
parody on the burial of Sir John Moore, in
which I became a spinster and laid
my youth to rest—with her twenty-five years
behind her. All that was seven years
ago, and each day I have grown more
self-reliant and brave. Quite determined
to make a career of my own, I persuaded
Jack to teach me book-keeping, and after
that it was not very hard to persuade him
to let me cease play and keep his books
in earnest.

So for seven years I had work I enjoyed
and six hours of every day I spent in the
little office behind the great one where re-
ports from the great warehouse of Gale &
Co. had come in ever since my Grand-
father Gale's own day. People called me
eccentric and odd at first, but my world
 grew used to the fact in time, and ac-
cepted me on my own terms.

When August of last year came around
I had taken my usual July vacation, and
my 32d birthday found me at home, ready
to assume part of Jack's duties in addition
to my own, that he and Annie might
have their month's outing also.

"I wish you would shut up the house
and board while we are away," Annie
said. "I hate to think of you and Maggie
all alone nights in this great house."
Maggie was our faithful domestic.

"Nonsense," Annie said. "I answered.
"Havoc! we should alone for six years
every August with a private watchman,
too, for this block. I'm never one mite
afraid."

"You are perfectly safe," Jack said.
"We've got a new watchman now, who
will look after things sharp. Jerry was
growing odd, and I think, liked a quiet
corner toward morning. This is a young
fellow who is out of work; he is as bright
as a dollar."

I quite laughed to myself at Annie's
fear the next evening as I stood a mo-
ment at the window, after extinguishing
the gas, and saw the burly, thick-set figure
of the new watchman lighting his pipe by
the gaslight. He looked about to tackle a
whole gang of house robbers unassisted.
All went peacefully. I met the new
man—Joe, by name—each night as I
came from the office. He came to watch
at 6 o'clock. He had a bright face and a
pleasant way. I found when I stopped to
speak to him. He seemed to feel a great
sense of responsibility as regards the care
of our house, which always gave me a
comfortable feeling.

Jack had been away two weeks when
the cashier was taken sick. I offered to
take his duties in connection with my own
to save recalling Jack. Mr. Gaskell
(Jack's new partner) and I really carried
the weight of the business on our shoulders
the next week. Mr. Gaskell, who had been
only a partner for six months, was an
Englishman whom Jack had met the
year before in New York. He had
managed to sink a fair supply of English
gold in American ventures before Jack
met him, and he had gained thereby an
experience that made him, now in middle
life, fair to put some of our American
metal in place of that lost.

From his first coming among us, terms
in his English phraseology, there had been a
tacit war between him and me. I think
this week he laid down his arms for the
first time. "I'm not going to say I ap-
prove of your being here, Miss Lawrence,"
he said one afternoon. "Though I'll ac-
knowledge no man could think quicker
or be of more help than you are, but all
the chivalry in me protests against the
drudgery you endure."

"One must work if one is to have a
career," I answered laughingly. But all
the same there was a pleasant feeling in
my heart to think he had to save me
labor or trouble.

One afternoon, the last of the week, he
brought me \$3,000 that some western
customer had paid. "We'll have to put
it in the safe, Miss Lawrence," he said.
"The bank closed two hours ago." That
night, when I closed the safe, I delib-
erated several moments with the door in my
hands, whether to leave the money or take
it home with me. We have always felt
the warehouses made our office a danger-
ous place, and the air was so hot and dry
that day that the very walls seemed full
of heat as if they might light from spontaneous
combustion; neither have I ever
felt perfect confidence in our safe as fire-
proof. I have tried many a time to have
Jack change it for a more modern one.
I thought of a watchman and almost de-
termined to take the money home, but
finally considered it would only give me a
wakeful night to have the care of it—and
I shut the safe.

I had my wakeful night, though, just
the same—for I had hardly fallen asleep
when I heard the *gong* of the fire alarm.
Ordinarily I should not have risen unless
called, but the weight of the business
seemed on me, and I slipped on my
wrapper and slippers and watched the
bright light in the west. Finally I put
the alarm whistle to my lips and called
Joe. "Find out where it is, Joe," I said,
"for it's in the direction of the shipping
quarter."

Two minutes later and Joe was breath-
less below my window. "It's a fearful
fire, miss, with everything as dry as
 tinder. It's the elevator at the foot of
 Fifth street." Only two blocks from the
 warehouse, with this hot wind blowing
 directly toward them! I thought of my
 books. No one knew the safe combina-
 tion except Mr. Gaskell and myself, and

Mr. Gaskell lived two miles further out
than I, and I felt all the responsibility
rested on me to save Jack's property.
"Joe," I said, "I must go down to the
office—can you go with me?"

Joe looked solemn. "I'll have to, miss,
Mr. Lawrence said take care of you, miss,
first of all." I flew to dress myself for
the street, and in two minutes was ready.
Twenty minutes more and we were before
the office door. The air was stifling—I
felt as if I was in the fire-bellows in the
air and heard the roaring of the flames
that the warehouses were doomed.

Joe found a truck and a box, and I
loaded books and insurance papers into
them. I had just finished when I heard
Mr. Gaskell's voice behind me. "Miss
Lawrence, this is no place for you, but
it's like you to be here first," he added
quickly. "You have the books and
papers, I see; is this your watchman?"

"I have him take them to the house;
you must go with him, and leave me to
save what I can." I hate to have you take
that money," he added, seeing the bundle
I held under my shawl. "Perhaps, though,
it will be safer with you than me, and
leave me free to work."

He put his hand on Joe's shoulder as we
reached the street. "Take care of her,"
I heard him say in a low tone. "And this
night shall make a better place for you."
He laid his hand on my arm one instant.
"I will come as soon as I can leave; I'm
almost determined to go now and see you
safe home first."

"Joe will be ample protection," I
answered hurriedly, and we parted; but
through all the excitement, worry and
care, I was not discouraged. That thought
I never forgot. "I am a spinster, and I
trouble lighter. The street was full of
rushing, hurrying human beings. It was
hard for Joe to force a passage for his
truck, but we reached the house in safety
with our store.

Joe placed the box in the hall. "A big
fire is the very time to look out for thieves'
miss, but don't be scared, I'll keep a sharp
lookout." I was not scared. I knew Mr.
Gaskell would come to the house as soon
as the fire stopped in his work.

I reached to hear Maggie's lamentations.
I knew any loss to Jack or me would be
more to her than her own loss, so fore-
bore to wake her and made coffee myself
on the gas range. I could not move with-
out the money. It haunted me if I laid
it down. Finally I raised the lid of the
box and laid it softly on the strings.

Then I crawled upon the sofa in the
corner of the library. I did not mean to
close my eyes; but I was very, very tired,
I suppose, and the next I knew my eyes
were closed, and I was wide awake at a
great tall dark man, who stood at the
front of the sofa. I heard Joe's voice,
though muffled and I saw him with his
face cut and bleeding being dragged into
the hall. I gasped and closed my eyes.
Yes, that is just what I did—I Eleanor
Lawrence, who have always had theories
on the subject of conquering burglars by
outwitting them and showing no fight.

"Shall I call the police?" he asked, and
I heard him say no trouble. "Her head is
in her throat already," the tall man said,
looking towards two others who held Joe
firmly bound in the doorway.

"Don't you dare touch a hair of her
head," Joe cried, struggling to free him-
self.

"Be quiet, unless you want to be
brained; we've told you we shouldn't harm
the woman. Tell us where you put the
money or it will be worse for you," said
the tall man again. I saw he was the
leader.

"I never brought no money," Joe
answered. "Only books in the hall where
I showed you."

More words and the click of a pistol.
All this time I had seemed frozen to the
sofa, but I had breathed a prayer and for
answer a sense of protection had come
over me, and I realized that Mr. Gaskell
might even now be on the way to aid me.
I never thought of his exposure to danger
in coming. I felt he was equal to any
emergencies. If I could only gain time—and
like a flash my old resolutions came over
me, and a fear that I had exposed poor
Joe to this awful danger and was respon-
sible for his life. With that thought I
was Eleanor Lawrence, spinster, and in
my sound mind in a moment.

I rose from that couch suddenly, and I
said: "Leave that young man alone, he is
telling you the truth—he brought no
money."

And I stood by the library table and did
not so much as try a finger on it for sup-
port. The man gazing at me would not
have been any more astonished if a corpse
had spoken, I believe. He jumped two
feet at least, and the other two fellows, of
course, looking rough fellows, both
grinned broadly as they looked at him.

"Easy to deal with, par, eh?" said one
of them, coarsely.

"Catch you hand the lady a chair, Jim?"
said the other.

"Quit your fooling," answered the dark
man, curly. "We'll bring the lady to
terms without any trouble, I guess."

"We know, madam," he continued,
turning to me, "that there was money in
your safe last night; we know either you
or Mr. Gaskell saved it; he hasn't got it, so
it's here, and we're bound to have it, so
hand it over."

"He hasn't got it." How did they know
that? For just one second the room swam
before my eyes. Had they robbed Mr.
Gaskell already and left him murdered
where the fire would obliterate every trace
of their crime? All this in a moment of
time flashed through my mind. It takes
long in the telling, but it was quick in the
thinking.

"Give the lady plenty of time, do, par,"
sneered one of Joe's watchers. "We'll have
to put the dumb screw on the boy to
make him speak," added the other. That
recalled my thoughts to Joe; the other
thoughts I tried to banish. I must see Joe
first.

"Are you friends," I asked the leader,
"that you harm an innocent man?"

"We'll not harm you, madam," he an-
swered quickly, "but the money we will
have."

But I had seen my advantage. This
man, the leader, had once been something
better than he was now. He seemed to
desist violence, and he had enough of the
instincts of a gentleman left to hate to an-
noy a lady. I saw that, and on that I de-
termined to work.

"Threats are useless," I said; "search
the box for yourself," and I pointed to the
hall. "The box is all right, lady," one of
those at the door called out, "but its mak-
ing things hot for this boy you are with
your waiting."

I gave Joe a quick look, and I saw they
were twisting the rope around his arms.

"Don't mind me, Miss Lawrence," he
said bravely, but his lips were white.

"Let my boy alone," I said sternly.
"No one shall suffer to save money for a
watchman." I turned again to the tall,
dark leader, as I saw they obeyed his sig-
nal and released Joe. "I suppose a man
might still be a gentleman even if a thief.
I saw him flash as I hung the work at
him." If I were a thief, I would rob
some one the fire had not already robbed—
follow me and help yourself," I added,
scornfully.

"It's not a job to my liking," he mut-
tered, as he complied.

I moved as quickly and as quietly as I

could toward the next room. I had an
awful feeling that there would be a reac-
tion to all this, but I only thought; what
was properly lost, but only Mr. Gaskell
were safe.

Joe gave me a look. I knew his thought
as well as if he had spoken. "If Mr. Gas-
sell were alive he must be here soon." The
thought gave me courage, but I think
I acted out my old day dream of having
simply because I had released it so many
times mentally. I passed into the dining
room, the gas was lit, I saw. I opened
the door into the butler's pantry. I held
the door in my hand, and as I closed it
put down the spring lock. The dumb waiter
was lowered part way. I pointed to the
covered box it contained. (Maggie al-
ways put the silver there for hiding) and I
said: "Take it." As he bent to reach it
I rushed out the opposite door and closed
it. Before he could rise I had shut the
bolt. I heard his muttered curse as he
saw himself trapped. It was not a pretty
and he held. I shot the bolt on the cellar
door. I had my burglar a prisoner now,
unless he should dare the frail waiter.

I knew I had only a moment. I must
find help before those in the library sus-
pected treachery. I opened the outside
door cautiously; there might be accom-
plish outside, what I saw was four men
coming on a run. I tried to call, but my
lips refused to move. At last nature had
her revenge on the burglar's ploy. I held
There was no need. I was caught in Mr.
Gaskell's arms, and I heard his voice.
"Thank God, Eleanor, you are safe." I
did not faint. I knew perfectly well when
the others rushed by me that we were
saved, but I could only hear a rushing and
roaring as if the fire was in my head, and
power to move or speak I had not.

Presently I was conscious that I was
once more in my room, and I felt even
bending over me and speaking my name as
no other had ever spoken it was the voice
I had feared I might never hear again.
Joe was crying out at the foot of the sofa.

"Oh, my brave Miss Lawrence, you've
saved us all," and much more in the same
strain, until Mr. Gaskell persuaded him to
go with Maggie for a cup of coffee.

"We have two of them in safe custody,
Miss Lawrence," he said presently. "One
escaped, but Joe found himself bound as
he was, on the second, and we have him.
The fire is under control, and you must
let me bring you some coffee and try to
rest."

"Weren't you robbed and murdered?"
I managed to say.

"Murdered! My dear girl," he an-
swered, taking my hands in his, "can't
you realize that I am quite safe and here?
I killed the man and left him dead in the
back of the office, but, rescued, and my
first thought was of the danger you
must be in. We won't speak of it any
more now," he added, soothingly, "for
here comes Maggie with the coffee, which I
must see you drink before I leave you to
her care."

The state dining-room is very French-
chic. The walls are covered with oil
paintings, the several mantels with
gold clocks and the sideboards with
china and crystal that resemble what
you see in the Chicago shops. The
ballroom has a costly inlaid floor, and
is decorated in white and gold. The
throne-room, which is used only on
occasions of the greatest cere-
mony, has an inlaid floor, handsome
chandeliers of European manufac-
ture, window hangings of exquisite
Japanese brocade and a paneled ceiling
ornamented with the imperial
crest.

The throne is a large arm
chair handsomely carved and gilded,
resting on a platform that is cov-
ered with a red rug and under a
canopy of red plush with gold fringe
and tassels.

The Emperor has a suite of private
apartments consisting of libraries,
studies, smoking and dressing rooms,
which are finished in the Japanese
style with unpainted woodwork, pa-
per windows and sliding screens, but
the floors are covered with moquette
carpets and the furniture was all im-
ported from France. He also has a
fireplace, the only one in the palace,
in which pine wood is burned, but his
sleeping room is the same un-
ventilated, unlighted and unattractive
closet that his ancestors used.

It stands in the center of a group of
rooms which are always occupied at
night by his body guard, and that the
imperial person cannot be approached
from any direction without an
alarm being given. There are nine
square apartments, and the Em-
peror's French bed is erected in
the central one. The guards of
the other rooms are specially
selected for their bravery and
fidelity, and are descendants of those
who performed a similar duty for
previous sovereigns.

All the formal banquets, breakfasts
and lunches given at the palace are
served in foreign style, except a
breakfast which the Emperor gives
on his birthday to the members of the
imperial family—his uncles and his
cousins and his aunts. Then chop-
sticks and lacquer bowls are used for
the native food, and the native
dishes are served in little cups, as
small and thin as an egg-shell. The
Emperor often gives a ceremonial tea,
the famous rite of Cha-no-yu, to her
favorites among the ladies of the
court, more for purpose of perpetu-
ating an ancient custom than for so-
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THE MIKADO'S PALACE.

A Mixture of Japanese and European
Magnificence.

There are thirty palaces belonging
to the imperial family in various
parts of the country, but the present
Emperor has never occupied more
than three or four of them, and some
of them he has never seen. There is
a stock farm at Nikko belonging to
the Mikado, and tourists are always
amused at a large, oddly painted
sign which advertises milk from his
cows for sale. The Emperor seldom
leaves the new palaces at Tokyo,
which are more modern and comfort-
able than any of the others and were
only completed in 1888. They con-
sist of a labyrinth of one-story
buildings all connected by covered
passages and surrounding beautiful
courts. Their architecture is of the
ancient Japanese style, with high
roofs at sharp angles and heavy gray
tiles, and the interior of most of
them is finished in the native fashion,
with partitions of sliding screens and
floor matting, which the inmates use
for beds, chairs and tables, as it hap-
pens to be necessary. But several of
the rooms have French furniture of
ornate and expensive workmanship,
much of it being rosewood hand-
somely carved and inlaid. The
apartments occupied by both the
Emperor and Empress are furnished
in that way. Both prefer to sleep in
a modern bed and sit in a chair be-
fore a table, with knives and forks
and china when they take their
meals, but the Emperor is under-
stood to wear the native dress, ex-
cept on occasions of ceremony, and
when the Empress retires to the
privacy of her apartments she
throws off her close-fitting waist and
corsets and puts on the more com-
fortable kimono.

Built upon uneven ground and sepa-
rated by long covered corridors that
may be cut away in case of a fire,
one is continually going up and down
stairs and through dark passages
when he visits the palace, and it
seems strange to see such heat and
electric light in apartments that are
separated by gilded screens and
lighted by paper windows.

The state dining-room is very French-
chic. The walls are covered with oil
paintings, the several mantels with
gold clocks and the sideboards with
china and crystal that resemble what
you see in the Chicago shops. The
ballroom has a costly inlaid floor, and
is decorated in white and gold. The
throne-room, which is used only on
occasions of the greatest cere-
mony, has an inlaid floor, handsome
chandeliers of European manufac-
ture, window hangings of exquisite
Japanese brocade and a paneled ceiling
ornamented with the imperial
crest.

The throne is a large arm
chair handsomely carved and gilded,
resting on a platform that is cov-
ered with a red rug and under a
canopy of red plush with gold fringe
and tassels.

The Emperor has a suite of private
apartments consisting of libraries,
studies, smoking and dressing rooms,
which are finished in the Japanese
style with unpainted woodwork, pa-
per windows and sliding screens, but
the floors are covered with moquette
carpets and the furniture was all im-
ported from France. He also has a
fireplace, the only one in the palace,
in which pine wood is burned, but his
sleeping room is the same un-
ventilated, unlighted and unattractive
closet that his ancestors used.

It stands in the center of a group of
rooms which are always occupied at
night by his body guard